THE RETURN OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THE NEW

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# The Opportunity of Morecambe

THIS week-end the Labour Party will resume the debate so abruptly terminated at Scarborough last October. Fortunately there is every sign that the discussions at Morecambe can be conducted in a far more favourable atmosphere. A year ago, a weak Labour Government, drifting uneasily towards the Right, had been shaken by the Cabinet split over rearmament. The air was thick with rumours of coming electoral disaster, and with supposed recriminations; and the overwhelming vote by the constituency parties in favour of Aneurin Bevan and his three colleagues revealed the chasm that separated the leadership from the Party workers.

To-day, the Labour Party is in far better shape. A year of Tory Government has decided the result of the next election. The issue is not how to defeat the Tories, but how to save the country when the next Labour Government comes to power. A year of opposition has begun to rectify the list to the Right which so grievously unbalanced Mr. Attlee's second administration. The £4,700 m. Defence plan, to which Mr. Gaitskell gave "absolute priority" in his Budget, has been scaled and rescaled downward. The decision has been taken to restore the free Health Service and to vote against the ratification of the agreement for German rearmament. And all this has been achieved as a result of hard hitting debate within the Parliamentary Party that has never come within measurable distance of a split. At Morecambe the delegates will be presented by the National Executive with statements on home and foreign affairs which Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan have both been able to sign. They furnish a foundation of agreement on broad principles upon which the policy for the second stage of Socialism can be built. It is for the Conference to discuss how those principles should be applied.

It will no doubt be tempting for the Right-wingers, who control both the Conference management committee and the votes of the big trade unions, to organise the debates (as the T.U.C. debates were organised at Margate) so as to avoid a serious discussion. Nothing is easier, for instance, than to arrange that the challenge to the platform on a big issue should be made by some poor fellow-traveller with a half-baked resolution that is bound to be voted down. Nor is it impossible, despite the fact that Mr. Attlee's leadership has never been in dispute, that efforts will be made to stifle the demands for more Socialism by innuendos of personal ambition.

Such dubious manœuvres, if they are attempted, will frustrate the whole purpose of Morecambe. At any Labour Party Conference the platform can always outmanœuvre the floor, just as the Right wing can always out-vote the Left when the card vote is taken. Sometimes, no doubt, when immediate decisions must be made, such tactics are inevitable. But no one pretends that a new policy must be finalised at Morecambe. What is needed is a frank and free discussion from which the leadership can learn the temper and the views of the rank and file. It is to be hoped that the platform will permit it.

### German Restitution to the Jews

The agreement recently signed between Israel and the Bonn Government for "global recompense" is worth study from several points of view. In the first place, this is, we believe, the first occasion on which a Government has formally accepted responsibility for the anti-Semitic atrocities of its predecessor; and it is not mere Zionist propaganda to assert that only the existence of Israel has made this German act of restitution to the Jews possible. In the second place it should be noted that the 3,450 million marks which the Federal Government has agreed to pay is described not as reparations for the victims of the gas chambers but as some "recompense for the cost of integrating 500,000 immigrants in Israel." Even so, the acceptance of material restitution of any kind was opposed by all the opposition parties in the Knesset.

Though the sum is reckoned in marks, delivery is to be made entirely in goods and spread over 12 to 14 years. Three billions is due to Israel and 450 millions goes to settle the claims of the Diaspora; but all the goods are to be shipped to Israel, which will then

settle accounts with World Jewish organisations. For the first two years the rate of spending is to be 200m. marks annually, of which nearly 40 per cent. will be used to purchase Israel's oil requirements from Britain out of Germany's outstanding E.P.U. balances in London. Of the rest far the greater part is to consist of steel, non-ferrous metals, engineering goods and chemicals. It is calculated that these shipments should cover about a third of Israel's trade deficit with the outside world; and Mr. Ben Gurion intends to allocate each year two-thirds of this German recompense to capital investment and one-third to current expenditure. It can therefore be seen that Western Germany will be making a very substantial contribution to the stabilisation of Israel's economy.

The agreement has still to be ratified by the Bundestag at Bonn. But in view of the firm understanding between the Chancellor and the Social Democratic opposition this should be a mere formality. Indeed, it is to the credit of Western German democracy that, on this one issue at least, Dr. Adenauer and the late Kurt Schumacher should have been united to defeat those forces which sought to whittle away Germany's liability.

### Commonwealth Economics

The official delegates from Commonwealth countries who met in London this week to prepare the agenda for the coming Commonwealth Economic Conference are facing a difficult task. The countries concerned, ranging from South Africa to Pakistan, have widely different points of view, though all of them, except Canada, are facing the general problem of the sterling area's dollar deficit. In a sense Canada too is facing this problem, but from the dollar end; and the Canadians have for some time been pressing for the adoption of deflationary policies in Great Britain and in the sterling area as a whole. As against this, Australia, Pakistan and a number of other Dominions are primarily interested in getting more American capital for economic development. South Africa wants a higher price for gold, and objects to the import restrictions imposed by other Commonwealth countries on its exports. What Great Britain wants is much less clear, and it is not certain that the Government knows its own mind. One question that is bound to come up is the future of G.A.T.T. —the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs —which will become a serious menace to British exports if Japan is admitted, as it probably will be. For this will mean that any trade agreement with Japan will involve the extension of "most-favoured nation" privileges to Japanese exports; and, from the British point of view at any rate, that is a very serious matter. The Canadians and South Africans, however, will certainly oppose any policy that smacks of "bi-lateralism," and will insist on deflation as the means of "freeing sterling" and returning to parity with the dollar at a rate based on reduced British costs and prices. And behind the Canadians are the Americans, demanding that the emergency period of restriction shall end and all countries redeem their promises to free trade and exchanges from control. For Great Britain, any such policy would mean both disaster and a bitter internal struggle over wage-reductions. But what the British Government's alternative policy is—or whether it has one—the official delegates may now be learning. The British public assuredly does not know.

### Foreign Office Foiled at Strasbourg

This year's proceedings at Strasbourg have been of the greatest importance, the crux of which was revealed by the altercation which took place in the Assembly between Mr. Denis Healey (who in previous years had acted as the Transport House watchdog on the Labour delegation) and Mr. Robens, on this occasion leading it. Mr. Robens, who meekly followed the Eden line, rebuked Mr. Healey for his indiscretion in sticking to his last and so reminding the Assembly that Mr. Eden and his Labour colleagues had committed a complete *volte face* in their attitude to Federal Union. The Foreign Office wants to see Western Germany integrated not into a Six Power Federation but into N.A.T.O. Indeed the so-called Eden Plan was expressly designed to prevent the formation of a special Legislative Assembly to control the Coal and Steel Pool and E.D.C., since it was realised that such an Assembly would be the first step to Federal Union. In order to avoid this, the Foreign Office sought to maintain the (purely consultative) Council of Europe as the organ to which the Pool and E.D.C. should be responsible. The Foreign Office has been foiled; and the federalists have won a decisive victory.

For before the Council of Europe came together at Strasbourg to discuss the Eden Plan, Dr. Adenauer, S. de Gasperi and M. Schuman had persuaded the six Powers to go ahead with the framing of a constitution for a Legislative Assembly to control the Schuman Pool and E.D.C. Mr. Eden, therefore, had to drop his plan and to plead for co-operation between the Little Federation and those members of the Council of Europe who stand outside it. As Mr. Healey acidly pointed out, this means a serious set-back to British plans of Atlantic Community. For the first time there is now a real likelihood that a German-controlled Little Federation will actually come into being with full American support. If that happens, we shall be forced to co-operate with it, not on our own terms, but on those of its architects—all of them men who have been bitterly critical of British policy for Europe since 1945 and determined to undermine our special relations with the U.S.A.

### Using the Deserts

This week the problem of how to make the deserts cultivable and habitable and how to use for food-growing some of their 18½ million square miles is being discussed by two bodies, the Institute of Biology and the Unesco Advisory Committee on Arid Zone Research, which is holding its meeting at the Royal Society. As Professor Debenham pointed out in his paper to the Institute, the arid zones, when fully understood, can provide surplus food beyond the usual subsistence level of their inhabitants. In other words, development of deserts is a contribution to global food needs. Dr. S. M. Manton gave an outline of development schemes which are now in progress in the U.S.S.R. to irrigate 70 million acres of steppe and desert in Central Asia and the Ukraine by 1957. These discussions are being followed up by Unesco which, after its studies of the hydrology of deserts, is, in the next year, putting ten plant ecologists to work surveying the relation of plants to their environment, and assembling experimental and research data on species and strains which survive under dry conditions in one area and might possibly be introduced into others. The Advisory Committee has been considering plans for developing resources of power in the deserts through wind and solar energy. This is important because under great tracts of deserts there is plenty of water for the pumping, and pumping needs cheap power.

## PARIS

### Purge in the French C.P.

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* Usually very little is known of what goes on inside the ruling circles of the French—or any other Communist Party. Not so this time: the exclusion of André Marty from the Secretariat of the Party, where he formed, together with Duclos and Lecoeur, a kind of triumvirate in the absence of Maurice Thorez, and the exclusion of Charles Tillon from the political bureau, were communicated with a notable relish to all the "bourgeois" papers and agencies of France. Are the charges brought against Marty and Tillon really relevant—the charges of "fractionalism" and "sectarianism"? The interesting thing is that practically the whole indictment against the two is concerned with Tillon, and not with Marty. Tillon, we are told, had misinterpreted the real role and significance of the Peace Movement; he had tried to put it under the tutelage of the Communist Party by turning it into a narrow political organisation, etc. He had been removed, in 1951, from the post of Communist representative on the Peace Movement, had confessed his errors to the Party, but had, nevertheless, persisted in these errors. He had expressed his real views at a secret meeting of Party members, a meeting arranged at the house of "a comrade who had not been re-elected to the Central Committee by the 12th (1949) Congress."

The real reasons for the disgrace of Marty and Tillon must be sought elsewhere. Since the famous demonstration of May 28 against "Ridgway-the-Plague" and the failure of the general strike of June 4, and the arrest of Duclos and André Stil, there has been a lot of heart-searching in the Party. It was recognised by most of the Party that the anti-Ridgway demonstration had been mishandled, and that the general strike had been a mistake. Marty was considered to be the most die-hard of the Communist leaders, and the most sectarian, and was held chiefly responsible for these two failures. Clearly, he also believed less than any other in the possibility of anything resembling an eventual revival of the Popular Front, or of the "National Front," an idea that began to take shape in June. It has all along been quite clear that he had far from subscribed to the "soft" policy of Duclos and to the view obviously held by Thorez that, without allies, the Communist Party of France would be incapable of checking the "enslavement of France by American capitalism." Marty, unlike statuesque Thorez ("the ideal French proletarian type") and jolly fat little Duclos, is considered to be fanatical, intolerant and, in popular bourgeois imagination, the "typical GPU man." To achieve a successful *rapprochement* with "all other men of goodwill" was very difficult as long as Marty was one of the heads of the French C.P.

Against this background what hope do the Communists have of bringing about a National Front? Not much for the present. But they are

looking ahead. What if there is a major financial crisis in France? What if there is an attempt to set up a dictatorship or a semi-dictatorship? What if the danger of war increases—especially if Eisenhower wins? In 1939 the C.P. were more isolated than now, yet three years later, under the Occupation, they were fully accepted as partners in the Resistance. There is another point. Since the police frame-up against Duclos (and the pigeon story) a growing number of French intellectuals, afraid of crypto-Fascism as much as of Fascism, have been increasingly sympathetic towards the Communists. Jean-Paul Sartre, though until recently hated by the Communists for his *Dirty Hands* and much else, has now openly come out in their favour.

It is against this French psychological setting —which upset so deeply Mr. Eisenhower— that one has to look upon the timid, but nevertheless real hopes that are at the root of the "National Front" idea put forward by Duclos. Not an intellectual himself, a man like Duclos relies all the more on the support and sympathy that can be given to the C.P. by the French intellectuals—a force which, though numerically small, has always carried more weight in France than in any other country.

## WASHINGTON

### California Gold

*A Correspondent writes:* Senator Nixon did his best in his Tuesday night broadcast to minimise the damage he has done to the Eisenhower ticket, and he has thereby saved the Republicans from making the difficult and unprecedented decision to drop him in mid-campaign. But it is a face-saving, not a convincing defence to argue that he has done nothing that is morally or legally wrong, to paint an appealing picture of a poor but honest politician trying to save the nation's money, and to try to shrug off the millstone of his "special fund" by making allegations about the probity of Stevenson and Sparkman.

But the last has not yet been heard of Nixon's financial arrangements. Whether or not any action is taken over the "special fund," some further inquiries are now bound to be made. First, there is the curious deal involving the "Old Guard" Senator Brewster of Maine and Henry "The Dutchman" Grunewald. Grunewald is a shadowy character, who has already appeared before a Congressional Committee investigating "the mess" in Washington. He then alternated between losing his voice and refusing to testify. In 1950, when Nixon was making his bid for the Senate, Senator Brewster borrowed money from his bank, and gave $5,000 to "The Dutchman," who in turn gave Nixon a similar amount, thus enabling Brewster to sidestep any charge that he had taken the unethical and possibly illegal course of contributing to the primary election fund of another member of Congress. Since Grunewald has been accused of everything from high-level lobbying to wiretapping, it must be assumed that Nixon was either naive about the source of this money, or that he knew and did not mind taking it from one of the central actors in the Washington "mess" that he and Eisenhower are denouncing. Secondly, there is the allegation, made by the *Reporter* magazine earlier this year, that Chinese Nationalist money was put behind Nixon's 1950 campaign, to help defeat the liberal Democrat, Helen Gahagan Douglas—a charge supported by naming names.

It is too soon, of course, to assess the effect of all this on the electors. But it is hard to see how the Republicans can carry on with their anti-corruption crusade. All they have left in the locker is McCarthyism, a weapon which their supreme commander despises, but whose use he now seems bound to authorise.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### The Road to Civil War

*A Correspondent writes:* There can no longer be any doubt of the seriousness of the Non-European campaign of civil disobedience in South Africa. For three months now, Africans, Indians and Coloured have been deliberately breaking discriminatory laws and during that period nearly 5,000 of them have been sent to prison. The Government is obviously puzzled how to deal with the movement. Leaders have been arrested under the long arm of the Suppression of Communism Act, which includes within its definition such a vague offence as incitement to inter-racial hostility. Yet the campaign has continued to expand and it is obvious that every method used by the Government to suppress the movement is only stimulating its supporters still further.

Last week a new phase was reached when, for the first time on either side, violence was used. A crowd of 300 Africans waiting outside Queenstown Magistrates' Court to see their comrades marched off to prison, was charged by the police, indiscriminately assaulted with batons and open handcuffs, and then kicked and beaten as many of them lay on the road. The significance of this lies not in the isolated incident. So far the strictest discipline has been observed by all the resisters and no form of violence has been offered anywhere. If the police have now been ordered to attack, the eruption of the African volcano will not be delayed much longer.

It should be remembered that this campaign of passive resistance by the Non-Europeans of South Africa is seen by Africans all over the Continent as the spear-head of the attack upon the principle of White supremacy. Behind the South African movement lies the support of the African organised bodies in Central, East and West Africa, and they will not remain quiescent whilst their brothers are being beaten up by White forces. Moreover, one of the most significant of the recent aspects of the campaign has been its spread to Natal, where, for the first time in history, Africans and Indians have overcome their mutual hostility and marched side by side to defy the discriminatory laws. On the other side, White South African opposition is falling over backwards in its attempt to avoid being accused by the Nationalists of complicity with the Non-Europeans. Mr. Strauss, leader of the United Party, recently condemned the campaign openly, as has "Sailor" Malan, leader of the Torch Commando; whilst Mr. Mitchell, United Party leader in Natal, has gone so far as to declare that all White people will side with the Nationalists if the Non-European campaign succeeds.

It is becoming increasingly clear, therefore, that South Africa is marching rapidly along the road to civil war. The Non-Europeans have no limited objective, but are aiming at the establishment of full equal rights. Their determination and strength of organisation has surprised everyone, and it is clear that the initial successes of the movement are rapidly increasing the momentum of the campaign. The Whites regard the whole of this effort as a direct threat to the security of their position in the country, and, before such a threat, will even drop their own constitutional differences and close their ranks. Unless sane and liberal voices speak speedily and very firmly, open conflict will soon be upon the entire nation and may well spread from there to involve the rest of the continent.

# Time Bomb in the Mean Streets

RENT restriction, imposed as an emergency measure in two world wars, has become a time bomb under the shaky structure of housing politics. Both parties fear to tackle it lest a false move set off an explosion that would blast their electoral chances. Both know that something must be done to simplify the patchwork of legislation, eliminate the worst anomalies created by control, and, by bringing rents more into line with present costs and incomes, make some provision for the repairs that are essential to stave off the creeping blight of dilapidation. But both parties must take account of millions of workers whose family budgets would be sorely strained by the addition of rent increases to the other burdens of inflation. Rent policy is a central issue of political economy; it bears directly on the mobility of labour, on the most efficient use of the nation's stock of houses, and on the finances of government.

Thus it is not merely a matter of equity. It is true that landlords have fallen behind in the race to maintain real incomes, and that tenants with the same income pay widely differing rents for similar premises, and that poor and comfortable tenants of council or controlled houses benefit alike from subsidies or uneconomic rents. But as things are, large numbers of houses are rapidly deteriorating because the landlords cannot or will not afford repairs. It is claimed that the number of houses that are becoming unfit for further use is nearly two hundred thousand a year—almost as many as the housing programme constructs. Even if this figure is excessive, the problem is serious, as the most casual inspection of the meaner streets will reveal. As a nation, we simply cannot afford to run down the limited stock of housing at the rate brought on by five years wartime depreciation and seven more of neglect, or at least inadequate repair.

This is the short-term problem. And it is no answer to point to the profits still being made by some large estates, or to the failure of many landlords to set aside money for post-war repairs out of tax-reliefs which continued through the war, when no repairs were undertaken. Some means have to be found to pay for the repairs now, and it is a matter of simple arithmetic to show that these cannot be paid for out of the current rents of a large percentage of controlled properties. It is, indeed, the house with the lowest rent that is most likely to need money spent on it. One Midland city has found that it has had to spend an average of £180 on each house that it has acquired,

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and though its standards may be above the minimum, there can be no doubt that the rise in repair costs—now two and a half times the pre-war level in the provinces, and higher still in London—has put even essential work beyond the reach of many landlords.

The simple remedy, of course, would be a percentage increase in all controlled rents—something landlords are claiming on grounds of equity as well as profit. But this, under present conditions, might create more economic problems than it would solve, besides being a clumsy and anti-social method of dealing with the most urgent task—the repair of the marginal house. In any case, in the absence of a general reform of housing and rent policy, it would be hopeless to try to turn all houses into a profitable proposition for their owners, or wipe out anomalies from which both landlords and tenants suffer.

Some increase is unavoidable, even if larger tax allowances are to be given for repairs. But how is it to be focused on the most essential cases? First, there must be a firm guarantee that repairs would be a first charge on the landlord's increased receipts. Secondly, any percentage increase must be applied to priority categories, and that probably means that a start must be made with the 1914 control group. Thirdly, local authorities must be given power to enforce repairs, to hear appeals, and, if necessary, to acquire houses singly and in lots where the landlord is unable or unwilling to do his job. If it is argued that this means that such repairs would be a charge on rates, the answer must be that the Treasury must be as willing to subsidise local authorities for this purpose as it is to contribute towards new construction. Both are essential if the stock of houses is to be maintained.

A solution of this kind, moreover, would have one clear advantage over other expedients, for it would contain the germ of a long-term solution. Some day, rents must be rationalised, so that tenants pay equal amounts for equal facilities. That will only be possible when the bulk of our housing is socialised, preferably under municipal ownership. If a start is made now, local authorities can begin to take over substantial blocks of property. The difficulties in this course would be immense, but they would really be no greater than those which any large-scale solution would have to overcome. In the long run, there is no future for private ownership of most residential rented property. The Labour Party must face this fact, or it will fall in an attempt to straddle the interests of the landlord and the tenant.

# Two Fellow-travellers

"I DON'T know who is guiltier, Nenni for his fellow-travelling or Saragat for the way he split the Socialists in 1947. What I do know is that between them these two outstanding men are wrecking not merely Italian Socialism, but Italian democracy." It was Professor Salvemini who said this to me in Florence. At 79 he is still as vital a mind and as salty a talker as ever, the Grand Old Man of anti-Fascism. Salvemini, of course, is an academic, detached from practical politics, but I found that his view was shared by most of the younger politicians I met. The 4½ million voters who gave the United Socialist Party its triumphant success in the first post-war elections (it polled 600,000 more than the Communists) have remained astonishingly faithful. But the votes are now split, about 1,800,000 going to the Social Democrats under Saragat and Romita, and some three million to the P.S.I. under Nenni. If the Socialists could fight as a united, independent party in the general election next spring, they would hold the balance of power and be able to make the breaking up of the big estates and a programme of social reform the price for participating in a coalition. Divided, they must remain impotent; the Nenni-ites in permanent opposition alongside some 5½ million Communists, the Social Democrats (together with the two other small democratic parties—the Republicans and the Liberals) exposed to any pressure de Gasperi may choose to employ.

Naturally I listened to a great deal of recrimination about who was to blame for this melancholy situation. As often happens in such fratricidal controversies, each side has got a very good case against the other. You have only to read *Avanti* for two or three weeks to realise that Nenni's fellow-travelling has carried him well inside the Communist camp. Yet no one I met believes that he is a Communist. "The last of the Maximalists and still my best friend," Saragat called him, in the middle of a bitter diatribe. Nenni often feels the urge to escape from the Communist camp and sometimes even begins to do so. This spring, for instance, when the results of the last batch of municipal elections showed a startling and dangerous increase of Fascist-Monarchist strength, he started talks with de Gasperi and the Social Democrats. But, as usual, the pourparlers failed, and Nenni went off for his trip to Russia. "He will die convinced that he wanted to be independent," one of his followers observed to me, "but he is too deeply committed. For an independent line, we must have a different leadership."

Not that all the fault belongs to Nenni. I found that some of his underlings were more ideologically Stalinist—in their condemnation of British Labour, for instance—than the Communists. Togliatti leads a superbly organised party, a body which has a firm skeleton below the flesh. The P.S.I. is flabby and, lacking in bone structure, it clings to the big traditional phrases of the class war, as well as to the big brother on the Left. It is a habit which is hard to break, especially in Italy, where the Communists exert a firm control over the Confederation of Labour, so that a decisive break with them means the risk that the P.S.I. would lose all contact with the organised working-class.

This loss of contact is the main indictment in the Nenni-ite case against Saragat. If the P.S.I. is flabbily pro-Communist, the Social Democrats, by breaking with the only effective trade unions, are rapidly losing the solidarity which holds a working-class party together, and becoming a prey to sectarianism and cliques. Indeed, they struck me as a disunited, unhappy party. The extreme Right Wing, under Simonini, is so rabidly anti-Communist that it is prepared to enter into a coalition even with the Monarchists; and it is significant that this section of the party is the sole recipient of funds from the American trade unions, and so able to run the only Social Democratic daily newspaper. In the centre stands the commanding figure of Saragat, dwarfing, morally as well as physically, Romita, who managed to oust him from the Party secretaryship at last year's conference. Finally, on the Left, controlling about 10 per cent. of the votes, is a group of young idealists, ardent but aware of their impotence against the elderly professionals who control the machine and dole out patronage.

Under Saragat's leadership I am convinced that Social Democracy will remain as closely tied to de Gasperi as the P.S.I. is to Togliatti. The two outstanding and conflicting personalities of Italian Socialism are both fellow-travellers and, of the two, Saragat travels with the bitterest conviction that he has chosen the right road. "When will you English understand?" he said to me. "Italy is not a democracy. There is a flickering flame of democracy between the darkness of Fascism and Communism, which a few of us, including de Gasperi, are desperately trying to keep alive." Saragat's position is based on a profound pessimism about Italy's future, which is certainly supported by plenty of facts. Anglo-American policy throughout 1944 and 1945 frustrated the social revolution without which, especially in the South, it is absurd to talk of democracy. As the Communist Chairman of the Confederation of Labour put it to me, "To do here only a tithe of what you achieved in Britain between 1945 and 1950 would mean social revolution. So far our bourgeoisie has not needed to make concessions in order to retain power."

This defiant disregard of social justice (which permits the most glaring contrasts of luxury and misery outside Egypt) has been stimulated, involuntarily no doubt, by American policy. Marshall Aid was given to Britain without interference in our internal politics, and it could be used to help the reconstruction plans of the Labour Government. In Italy, where, with American encouragement, all controls were abolished in the name of Free Enterprise, it was frittered away; and the defence of democracy became identified with the defence of clericalism and of restrictive economics against every demand for reform. In 1948 the Christian Democrats won a clear majority of the votes. But since then the effect of American intervention has been to weaken the democratic elements inside the Christian Democrats, to solidify organised labour behind the Communists, and to stimulate a resurgence of Fascism in the Deep South. An analysis of the local elections, conducted over the last two years, shows pretty clearly that de Gasperi will be lucky if, in the next general election, he gets 9 out of the 12½ million votes he piled up four years ago. At least two million of his supporters have been disillusioned and drifted away to the Monarchists and Fascists. This means that he is most unlikely to achieve a stable parliamentary majority, even in alliance with the Social Democrats, the Liberals and the Republicans.

De Gasperi's method of coping with this awkward prospect has been to suggest a change in the electoral law. At present Italy has undiluted P.R. He now proposes that, if any party or group of parties gets 51 per cent. of the votes, they should be given a "premium"—that is, a considerably larger proportion of the seats (say 65 per cent.); and the Social Democrats, along with the Liberals and the Republicans, have been formally invited to help push this reform through Parliament, and then to enter the election as a four-party democratic group, assured of victory.

I met few who tried to defend this remarkable plan, except on the grounds of the purest expediency. Moreover, for the Social Democrats it has very special dangers. To connive at this

kind of expedient, when Nenni will be using all his brilliant powers of oratory to expose its political immorality, will result almost certainly in a further loss of working-class votes to the P.S.I. Moreover, to enter the pact with de Gasperi involves relying absolutely on his good faith after the election has been won. Saragat sees all this clearly enough. "I am not doing this," he said to me, "because I am a Right-winger. As a matter of fact, in England I should be a Bevanite, because you are strong enough to achieve independence. But here one must face the position in all its weakness. The danger justifies desperate measures. We must have a stable, democratic government after the next election—even if this involves jockeying with the electoral law—because the alternative is sheer chaos." As for any doubts of de Gasperi's good faith, he is convinced that the leader of the Christian Democrats hates the Fascists as much as he does. "Of course, he is a good democrat," Saragat said to me, "and he can only curb the anti-democratic elements in his own party—and to the Right of his own party—if we do everything possible to help him from our side. If we don't, and there is no democratic majority after the election, de Gasperi will lose the leadership of his party and be replaced by somebody ready to collaborate with the Fascists. That will be the end."

In terms of parliamentary tactics, Saragat's arguments are convincing. But there is one obvious snag. What reason is there to suppose that, even if the electoral law is changed and de Gasperi includes one or two Socialists in his next Cabinet, he will be able to overcome the opposition of his party's main backers and to push through the social reforms which are the only lasting defence against Fascism and Communism? Saragat, no doubt, would reply that one must do one's best in the circumstances. But it is clear that the fellow-traveller in the Vatican camp is now as much a prisoner of the circumstances as Nenni, and with the further disadvantage that, by sacrificing his party's independence, he is cutting off its working-class roots.

So we are back where we started. A united Socialist party would be strong enough to go to the polls independent of other parties; to negotiate with de Gasperi and Togliatti on equal terms; and to push through social reform by parliamentary means. But so long as the Social Democrats and the P.S.I. remain divided, they will be little better than satellite parties, and we can look forward to the gradual elimination of the democratic centre in Italy until all that is left is the alternative of clerical Fascism or Communism.

Reflecting on this bleak prospect, I was struck once again by the futility of those Marxists who decry the role of personality in politics. There was no inherent necessity for the Italian Socialist Party to be any more fellow-travellerish than the German S.P.D., except, of course, the fact that Italy has been spared a Russian occupation and that Nenni is a very different man from Kurt Schumacher. There was no reason why the party should have been split in January, 1947, instead of being patiently pulled away from its subservience to the Communists, except Saragat's conviction that, by splitting it, he was saving Italy from the fate of Hungary. It is indeed these two men, spurred on by advice from abroad, who have made the tragic history of Italian Socialism since 1945. What two individuals have fashioned by their acts of will, other individuals can re-fashion if they have the will to do so. But this time it must be done without interference from outside Italy—and it must be done soon if it is not to be too late.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# London Diary

THERE can be few people in any walk of life, who ever met George Tomlinson, who do not feel a sense of personal grief at his death. Whether Tomlinson was a good Minister of Education is debatable: what is beyond debate is that he was a good man. As he climbed the ladder from the humblest beginnings to the high places, and in his last years of sickness, he never lost his courage, his humility or his humour, and never gave to those who depended on him less than his best. He was a valuable member of the Cabinet just because of these simple virtues, which shine more brightly in the Cabinet room than in many other places. It is a commonplace of valedictory rhetoric to say that there is always a place for such men in a great political movement. George Tomlinson taught the Labour Party something more—that there is always room for them in the highest positions, where they bring conscience and humanity to the intellectuals around them.

* * *

A city friend, who moves widely in Labour circles, has been making a successful book on the result of next Monday's election to the constituency section of the Labour Party's National Executive. Being mathematically minded, and at the same time determined that his book shall not end up in the Red, he has allowed the weight of money to determine the odds, without intruding his own views. The results are interesting and strikingly different from the arbitrary prices at which the book was opened. The money tends to favour the sitting candidates: Bevan (1-40); Barbara Castle, Griffiths and Driberg (8-100); Morrison (1-4) and Mikardo (8-13) are all odds on—only Mr. Dalton of the present incumbents has the odds against him at 7-4. Next come the remaining Bevanites—Harold Wilson and Crossman—both at even money. Then the Right-wingers start, the odds apparently lengthening as the names become less well known. Shinwell at 5-1, Gaitskell at 8-1, Mrs. Braddock, astonishingly, at 18-1; Callaghan, Anthony Greenwood and Robens at 33-1; Strachey at 50-1. After that the odds become astronomical. I am not tempted to make many bets at these streamlined odds. If I had to choose, I might fancy Dalton—or Callaghan, an outsider from the Gaitskell stable whose price may be little more generous than the political probabilities would suggest. Who, I wonder, has been plunging on Mrs. Braddock? At 18-1 she seems an unattractive bet; and it is difficult to imagine that enough constituencies, who wish to support the Right-wing candidates, will prefer her over some of her longer-priced rivals to justify such odds.

* * *

From Morecambe to the State of Maine—and the other election. For some years U.S. political pundits have judged elections by Louis Bean's method—the extrapolation of an electoral trend observed in any sizeable and normally constituted cross-section of the population by comparison with its voting record on previous occasions and the final results of those elections. This method—crude though it sounds by Gallup Poll standards—was sound enough, when applied to the 1948 Presidential election, to escape the embarrassing fate of Dr. Gallup's predictions. Maine, which by a quirk of history votes for State offices two months earlier than the rest of the U.S., provides data to which the Bean method can be applied. This year's Maine results came out a fortnight ago, and, as always, a Republican victory was recorded. But the majority was significantly down on 1948. A statistically minded friend who has been studying the figures (and has made allowance for some special circumstances which, in his view, told against the Republicans) considers that a high Democratic percentage can be expected throughout the U.S. in November. He makes without equivocation the following bold predictions:

The Democrats will win the House of Representatives by a majority of over 35; and the Senate by a dozen or so. Stevenson—even assuming the loss of the normally safe States of Texas, S. Carolina, Louisiana and Florida—will win the Presidency with a minimum of about 270 electoral votes against Eisenhower's maximum of about 250. But he expects Stevenson's majority to be substantially larger.

* * *

Apartheid is now being applied to separate Man from his ancestors. The Dutch Reformed Churches in South Africa, those bigots who believe in the biblical version of the Creation and in the God-given mission of Dr. Malan, have objected to exhibits in the Transvaal Museum in Pretoria showing Man's family tree and his evolution from the apes. The Board of Governors, while apologising for giving offence and modifying the captions, have maintained that physical anthropology is an essential function of the Museum. And so they should; for it is the repository of the Sterkfontein and Kromdaci remains, discovered by Dr. Robert Broom, who was appointed by the Museum. These remains challenged the previous view that man was descended from an anthropoid ape, allied to the chimpanzee or gorilla, and are dated back to an earlier and more primitive ape. Then, at Swartkrans, Broom discovered not only ape-man remains but lower jaws of an early man, who was not an ape-man. When Dr. Malan's Government came into power, funds for this blasphemous disproof of the Holy Writ were stopped; but the Nuffield Foundation discloses in its report issued last Thursday that it intervened and provided a grant to enable Dr. Broom's successor to continue the work. One can understand the concern of the Afrikaners at the idea that Swartkrans should have been the Garden of Eden and that Adam and Eve should have been early Bantus.

* * *

It seems a very long time since the Old Vic hit the target of popular success. Now Hugh Hunt's *Romeo and Juliet* has scored a bull's-eye. The queues at the box office are of heart-warming dimensions, and it is already difficult to get a seat for an evening performance. The directors of the Vic, who have had to carry the can for all the strife and relative failure of the last few seasons, must feel gratified that the public has at last responded and that their faith in Hugh Hunt is rewarded. But not everybody who has in the past expressed the criticism is now to be able to enjoy the success. The original run of six weeks has been grudgingly extended by a further three—which will no doubt be fully booked-up within a few days. Many people, especially from the provinces, will almost certainly be unable to see what is at least one of the most striking productions for many years of this elusive masterpiece. It is not the function of the Old Vic to challenge Shaftesbury Avenue in long runs; and no doubt the Arts Council would have something to say if it tried to. But surely the directors are being unduly mean in limiting *Romeo* to nine weeks. A run of, say, three months, if the takings justified it, could hardly be described as unbridled commercialism and might do a little to lighten the burden on the Arts Council of the public assistance on which the Old Vic has to live.

I have recently been enjoying a holiday in the South-West of France. Being I hope, a conscientious journalist and, certainly, subjected to all the economic pressures of *la baisse Pinay* as well as Mr. Butler's "sound finance," I had thought to meet some of my expenses by means of an article, perhaps in this journal, on the American forces and the impact on provincial France of their, no doubt, indecorous conduct. My expectations were as badly based as my budget proved to be. I could, I expect, have found a story by really searching for it. That wasn't, however, the idea. I must record that in a part of France where large numbers of American troops are stationed, their bearing and conduct are extremely good. That they are on the whole unpopular with the French is due to reasons, political, psychological and social, which are obvious enough and beyond the control of the men themselves—occupying armies are apt to be even less popular in peace than war. This army, or the bit of it I saw, can claim to be doing everything that can be done to avoid the superficial frictions.

FLAVUS

## STALOTOVSKY

*'Twas Macebrain, and the stoolgey simps*
*Did flot and jetsam in the Balt ;*
*All bughouse were the burra blimps*
*When Holefarce came unhalt.*

"Beware the Stalotov—avoid
The baited bulls, the worms that turn ;
Beware the Gremlin and that boid,
The struthious Cominfern."

They took the bucksome bribes in hand,
Long time the marxome foe they fleered—
"This is our own, our Nato Land,"
They garbled as they beered.

And as in Marshall ranks they strove
The Stalotov no eye-lid bat
(Obspeering while they borrowgrove)
But irregardless sat.

Left-right, left-right, both day and night
They mummered in a stult shampaign ;
The sea was strewn with phantaloon
Of fictory and defeign.

*'Twas Macebrain, and the stoolgey simps*
*Did flot and jetsam in the Balt,*
*But bughouse were the yankry chimps*
*Whose Holefarce came unhalt.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Psychiatrist wanted by local estate agent.—Advert. in *Middlesex Chronicle*. (D. Cross.)

Speaking at the first civil defence recruiting meeting since the war he told an audience at Moreland Hall: "When one considers the cost of an atom bomb it hardly seems likely that the enemy will waste one on a quiet residential area like Hampstead."—*Hampstead & Highgate Express*. (L. H. Collier.)

"I have now discovered that Percy is the half-brother of a dog owned by Princess Margaret.
We firmly believe that Percy has tried to emphasise his link with the Royal Family."—*Kent and Sussex Courier*. (W. A. Westall.)

When H., dyers' labourer, was fined for obscene language, he suggested that what had been taken by a witness to be bad language had actually been quotations in French.—From report in *Yorkshire Evening Post*. (A. Sussex).

# The Last Place on Earth

*(By a Special Correspondent)*

SURROUNDED by green hills it looks remarkably pretty from the air. It is called by many names, all of them unprintable, but on the Map it is marked PUSAN. A small port swollen like an ugly, festering ulcer at the South-east tip of Korea. A place which my nostrils will forever remember. Sailors say that the smell is still noticeable 10 miles out to sea. A smell of indefinable obnoxiousness, mixed in equal parts by the odours of garlic, rotten fish, bad coal, dirty starving humanity and hate: over it all hangs a pall of dust.

The town is full of hate. The Koreans hate the Chinese, the Japanese, the North Koreans and the Americans. The Americans hate the dirt, the dust and the Koreans. Everybody hates the War. Yet there are people who are trying very hard to get to this town of misery. For there is money to be made—if you can get in. This is American territory, and unless you have a U.S. Passport and your firm has some influence in Washington you might as well save the ink required to fill in the half-dozen forms for your Visa application. But if you know an Admiral or General in the American Forces, you might be granted 10 days clearance by the Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Forces in Japan. After that you apply for a Korean Visa which is issued by the Korean Government. You do this as a courtesy to the Korean Government, but you can travel without—in fact as long as you are in Korea, you are there by courtesy of the U.S. Army and are supposed to take orders from its officers. You are entirely outside Korean Law; and, although there is a Korean Customs at K.9 Airfield, this again is only a matter of courtesy.

That is where the business comes in. The Koreans today are probably the poorest people on earth. Purchasing power is almost non-existent, but at the same time there are the few who can live off the fat of the United Nations armies, and the United Nations Assistance Commands. It may sound a little complicated, but in fact it is quite easy. Everyday necessities, unobtainable by the ordinary Korean because of the lack of foreign exchange, are imported by the Army for the soldiers. Most of the American Army Units have recreation clubs. These clubs are allowed to purchase liquor, and everything that goes to stock a Bar, as well as customs-free knick-knacks such as fountain-pens, radios, cameras, watches and even some clothes. These are luxury items, and only a small percentage finds its way into the hands of those Koreans who still have money to pay for them, but a very large profit can be made on this small percentage. Every sailor coming into Pusan, every airman flying regularly into Korea, has a very nice supplementary income, taking English suiting materials or cameras from Japan and selling them in Korea for M.P.C. These initials stand for "Military Payment Certificate." In any active American theatre of war, American forces are paid in M.P.C. and not allowed to pay for any purchases at P.Xs, Clubs or official Restaurants in any other currency. They are not supposed to have any U.S. dollars in their possession. This "prevents" a black market in U.S. dollars. It does so by creating a black market in M.P.C., and $1 M.P.C. can be bought in Korea for 55 U.S. cents. Then, if you are a member of the U.S. Armed Forces, you can turn the M.P.C. into U.S. dollars in Japan at par, or if you are only a civilian, you can sell them on the black market in Japan for 85 U.S. cents per $1 M.P.C., which may explain the attraction Pusan possesses for many expatriates still remembering the good old China days back in 1945.

The United Nations Assistance Commands, under various abbreviations, are trying to help Korean economy. They ship in medical supplies, old clothing, farm machines, road-making equipment and all sorts of useful, and not so useful items. This assistance is given to the Korean Government, and most of it finds its way on to the open market. Quite often the black market in Korea is actually cheaper than the world market because after all, the goods come in free, gratis and for nothing. You can get as much petrol as you want for one shilling per gallon and Pusan has so many taxis that they have been divided into two classes which can only operate on alternate days. Taxis and dust are the only things not in short supply as far as the civilian population is concerned.

There is some legitimate business, but it's very hard to find. For one thing, South Korea has virtually no exports. Marine products are sold cheaper and better from Japan; graphite is rapidly being replaced by coal-tar substitutes, and industry, or what's left of it, is so inefficient that it is more of a liability than an asset. This inefficiency is due to Japanese colonial policy which saw to it that the Koreans were kept in their place and received as little education as possible. But why bother with trade when all you have to do is be an Agent for a shipping company; then you can charge your principals American dollars at the official rate of 6,000 *won* to $1 for all expenses incurred and then pay out at the black market rate of 16,000 to 1. Of course the Korean Government doesn't do badly in this line either.

There is a mental misery in Pusan which is catching. I did not talk to any one person in Korea who was not affected by it. It is the disease of "But what can you do?" Every American State Department official stationed in Pusan agrees that the Rhee Government is a rotten Government. "But what can you do? Who else is there?" Everyone knows the "squeeze" that is practised by high officials, but—"what can you do?" Everyone knows that the War is fought in the wrong place at the wrong time but—"what can you do?" Or rather, what would we have done without it? Because without it we'd be having a real depression, and Japan for one would be flat on her back. It is this last admission which is on everyone's lips and which makes the misery complete. We can't stop the war, it would hurt us too much economically; and we can't start the war, it would hurt us too much physically. So—"What can you do?"

In the meantime the dying lie on Pusan's unpaved streets and the ragged starving-bellied children learn nothing, but how to steal and die. Pusan station is one of their favourite hunting grounds, and on the trip up to Seoul, at every station children worm themselves on to the trains and steal anything within reach. At Pusan, three or four of them get killed every week running underneath moving trains and the military police try to round them up every now and then. It was my misfortune to watch one of these "clean-ups." M.P.s armed with riding switches have a hard time to collar and hold the biting and kicking urchins. They push them into a boxcar and after half an hour there are 70 howling, moaning and crying children mixed with one or two adults who are too near death to care about being locked in the stuffy wagon. They are shipped to an orphanage 30 miles away, unless they can prove they have parents—but the parents

are glad to get rid of them. The orphanage is run by Koreans and three days later half the kids are back in Pusan.

The War is too close to be much talked about. But what I saw of the American Army impressed me. Organisation is efficient and morale is surprisingly good. Most GIs feel that they were just plain unlucky to end up in Korea but once there, they figure that it is better to get their shots in first. There is no illusion about aims and ideals, and because of that there is also very little disillusion. Also the rotation system gives each soldier the assurance that, no matter how long the war, he personally is getting out of it in six months' time. This helps. So do the clubs, the beer, and the whisky, the movies, the daily paper, the cigarettes—all cheap and plentiful.

The stalemate is accepted as a natural outcome of the nature of the country over which the war is fought, and nobody in Pusan is really expecting any drastic change in the situation. Only at K.9 field (this war is being fought in Numbers, each airfield in Korea and Japan bears a number and many a pilot knows Seoul only as K.23) is there real evidence of battle, as the black-painted light bombers take off with the napalm bombs showing under the wings. And after 15 of them had taken off, we, incongruously, in a commercial plane, left the dust and misery and were glad to be breathing clean air again. But unfortunately, memory remains. Without ever having been touched by bomb or shell, Pusan is without doubt the most war-ravaged town I have ever seen. Seoul, although knocked about, presents an almost peaceful appearance compared to it. If there is really still anyone left in the world who thinks that war can solve political problems, let him go to Pusan and take his conscience along.

*Hong Kong, September.*

# Wines of Bordeaux

I.—Market Nostalgia

As the Paris train pulls across the 400-yard railway bridge over the swirling Garonne into the Gare St. Jean at Bordeaux, you are straight away brought face to face with wine. For along the left-bank quays, stretching from a little below the bridge as far as the eye can see through the sweeping curve of Bordeaux's waterfront, the casks lie stacked awaiting shipment. For seven hours from Paris the railway has been carrying you through the heart of France; at first the flat, agricultural land to the South-West of Paris; then the château country of the Loire from Orléans to Poitiers; Angoulême, brightly coloured and defensive on its eminence, is the first unmistakeable city of the South. From Coutras onwards, the vineyards stretch out on either side; to begin with, the craggy little hills and warm stone buildings of St. Emilion and Pomerol, the home of the great robust clarets which bear their name; then over the Dordogne to the well-wooded slopes and countless churches of Entre-deux-Mers, where the wines (too sweet for some English palates) proclaim their kinship with Sauternes and Barsac on the opposite side of the Garonne. So to Bordeaux, with its beautiful 18th-century city centre, and behind that the real city of quays, ships, warehouses and hundreds of acres of underground cellars.

This is the centre of the wine trade. In the city you will find little trace of the homespun romance of the peasant toiling in his five hectares of "noble" vines; but romance, if you will, of a different sort—the pungent smell of wine, wood, and sulphur, the scuttle of rats in dark doorways—reminds you not so much of the picture on the bottle as of St. Katherine's Dock or Wapping High Street. The great shippers of Bordeaux are the city's aristocracy. The families of Cruse, Eschenauer, Kressmann, Barton, Calvet, and others are as familiar and unchanging to the Bordelais as the cathedral itself or the superb theatre of Victor Louis. Nor is it a matter of chance that in this list are German and British names. For both nations have penetrated deep into the trade. M. Louis Eschenauer, doyen at 82 of the great Houses, prefers speaking German to French and looks like a 20th-century Bismarck. The British have even deeper roots throughout this countryside. Some of the châteaux with unexpectedly English names hark back direct to the English knights of the Hundred Years War; while Château Olivier, near Léognan in the Graves, was the hunting lodge of the Black Prince.

In Bordeaux itself you can see in the *chais* and *caves* of the shippers the whole process of maturing and bottling wines; blending (where appropriate), the storing *en cuve* or *en barrique*, the delicate processes of *soutirage* (racking) and *collage* (clarification with white of egg, a process familiar to any housewife who has struggled with a clear soup), the bottling and labelling—everything to the actual shipping is carried out in the huge, dark, rat-ridden *chais*, the hidden heart of the city.

When you have begun to grasp the size and complexity of the industry, then is the time to go out to the vineyards and contrast the small-holding, the individual skill and labour of the grower, with the great commercial clearing-house of Bordeaux. I chose the Médoc, apart from a brief visit to the Graves, because my personal preference is for the wines of Médoc. I wanted to explore this lonely, water-girt peninsula, where the Atlantic Ocean and the fiercely tidal Gironde (reminiscent, perhaps, of the Blackwater or the Orwell) combine with the skill of the dark-eyed, untrusting peasants to create a fertility in which the "noble" vines—Cabernet, Malbec, and Merlot—have reached their greatest perfection. So up the road North from Bordeaux, through Cantenac, Margaux, St. Julien, and Pauillac. On this axis, the golden road of the great vineyards, transport is easy enough. If you seek, as you should, to explore the backwaters, and particularly the pine forests and sand dunes of the lonely Atlantic coast, you will need patience and ingenuity to weave a way through the interlocking network of *autorails* and country buses, which depart at the most improbable times for the most unexpected destinations. But the effort is worth making, to see the smaller and humbler vineyards, to discover the coastal wilderness to the West of the wine country, above all to get to know the people, taciturn, suspicious and surly on the surface, but, once you can bring yourself to ask their help, as hospitable as Yorkshiremen.

All in all, the picture of the Médoc as a farming country is of a land where, apart from the great châteaux of the *Grands Crus Classés* (and these altogether account for a bare 10 per cent. of the region's production), working farmers on small holdings of between five and fifty acres fight an anxious battle against the elements and against the insidious, but in the long run fatal, temptation to lower the quality of their product. In return they get a living—in a good year a good living; usually one which leaves little margin for relaxation or artificial comfort. The traveller who does not stop to inquire may easily be deceived by the beauty of the houses in which they live. But a château here is almost anything bigger than a cottage; and beneath the panache of turret and balustrade is often enough a depressing story of the struggle to make ends meet. I visited one small and beautiful 13th-century château not famous, not perhaps less prosperous than very many, where the young proprietor and his wife live, and receive, as they must, their clients, with no domestic help of any kind in house or kitchen. In the vineyards, labour is badly paid and increasingly scarce, as the younger people are drawn off to the newer industries of Bordeaux. At one well-established vineyard in the Graves, whose proprietors are considered good employers, the labourers can earn up to a maximum of £3 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, plus six litres of wine, for six days work. Out of this, the employer deducts 5*s.* a month for the rent of the tied cottage, 2*s.* 6*d.* a month for the rent of the garden, and 6*s.* a month for wood and fuel. Thus the labourer has less than £13 a month from which to feed and clothe his family and provide for furnishings, savings and incidentals. Even with the generous scale of family allowances, there is not much left out of that for luxuries in this land of high prices.

The fact seems to be that the vineyards of Bordeaux are suffering from an economic change of life which few of the growers have fully recognised. As a result of the war, they have lost a good deal of their erstwhile English trade and, inevitably, far more of the German. Figures will, of course, vary; but one of the biggest shippers estimated to me that his U.K. trade was down by 20 per cent. and his exports to Germany by 40 or 50 per cent. from pre-war. With varying degrees of optimism one is told that the trade is picking up, or that it will pick up next year, or that it would pick up if only import quotas were relaxed. There seems little realisation that, as far as England is concerned, it will never return to the pattern of pre-war. Many English people, it is true, who never drank wine before, are learning to drink it today. But they have no cellars and can neither keep nor afford the finest vintages of Bordeaux. They go to the local wine merchant and buy a bottle or two of what is cheap and prominently presented. If they have the discrimination to demand a French wine, the chances are they will be sold a bottle of indifferent Languedoc, when for very little extra cost they could enjoy an excellent non-vintage Claret or Graves. It is, I think, a fair criticism of the Bordeaux trade that too many of its influential figures believe the world of Edward VII is only temporarily disturbed. Too much emphasis is still placed on the finest château-bottled vintages, and too little effort is made to popularise in England the less expensive wines.

Good Bordeaux wine, imported in cask and bottled in England—thus qualifying for the lower rate of duty—can be retailed at 7*s.* or 8*s.* a bottle. If you are bold enough to bottle your own—a process which requires care and skill and some storage space, but is essentially no more difficult than many other ordinary domestic jobs—you can import a quarter-hogshead (72 bottles) for as little as £20 c.i.f. If you prefer the added security of a wine imported in bottle, you will pay more, and for a château-bottled wine a good deal more. But even so, you can obtain in this country through a reputable wine merchant, or through a direct import organisation, such as the Wine Lovers' Society of Birmingham, a good Bordeaux at a reasonable price, which compares very favourably with the cost of beer and spirits and is infinitely more rewarding to palate, head and liver. To urge the development of this side of the Bordeaux trade is not to belittle the qualities of the finest château-bottled wines. The products of the greatest châteaux of Bordeaux will always find a special market: they are, quite simply, the noblest drinks that man and nature together have ever devised. But what the *vignoble* of Bordeaux needs above all is a considerably expanded

market, which will allow production to be increased and overheads reduced. This will be achieved in England only by introducing people who are not normally wine-drinkers to sound but inexpensive wines. As it is, the general public, deterred by the extortionate prices usually charged in restaurants, are too often led to believe that the pleasure of wine is reserved for millionaires.

Meanwhile, the vineyards are not facing ruin. Indeed, the "crisis" of over-production in the wine trade, as a result of which the French Government has decreed that 26½ million gallons of this year's production must be distilled into alcohol, scarcely affects (so I was assured) the Bordeaux trade. What is produced can be sold. But not enough is produced at present to assure the prosperity of the grower. I saw one piece of tourist literature which refers, naively and nostalgically, to the great châteaux of the Médoc which grew up "in the years of prosperity." And this, although the years of prosperity continued for centuries after the last of the châteaux had been built, is unconsciously revealing. One senses today an air of anti-climax, of something less than maximum effort, of a clinging to the old standards which serves as an excuse for not recognising the modern world. For all the shipshape efficiency of, say, Mouton-Rothschild (its *chais* as spick-and-span as the magazine of a battleship) or La Mission Haut Brion, a beautiful show place where the standards of 20th-century hygiene suggest a dairy farm rather than a vineyard, the cracks are lengthening on most of the porticos, more and more of the young men are travelling daily the 50 kilometres from Pauillac to a "modern" job in Bordeaux. The English trade could turn the tide.

*Bordeaux, September.* JOHN FREEMAN

# Five Years Fiddling

THE clerks of the Central Land Board, who are also (when they sit round the other way) the clerks of the War Damage Commission, are now busily writing the winners' names on the interest-bearing bonds with which the Government will pay landowners £300,000,000 next year.

No one knew, when the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, fixed this sum, how far short it would prove to be of the total required to pay, five years from July 1, 1948, all claims for loss of the "development value" which was to pass to the State. But everyone knew it would be short, and the authors of the Act said that, in any case, the £300,000,000 was merely a "generous *ex gratia* payment to those landowners who would otherwise suffer hardship." It now seems likely, with only seven per cent. of the claims still to be agreed, that the total claimed will be about £400,000,000; which makes recent rumours of a thousand million seem a little wild, and means that the successful will get roughly 75 per cent. of what they claimed.

I wonder, though, whether the full story of these five years will ever be told—the first five years of the first Town Planning Act that has ever touched the landowner's pocket? Possibly it was a mistake to announce, in the 1947 White Paper, that there would be no scheme of payment until five years had elapsed, and to say at the same time that £300,000,000 would be the limit. It may be true that, offered more hope, the landowners would have behaved better; but every landowner could see, or would at least be professionally advised if he inquired, that the £300,000,000 wouldn't go very far.

Since July 1, 1948, when the Act came into operation and "development charge" became payable on every sale of land involving a change of use, the market in building land has been virtually frozen. Owners formerly willing to sell were hoping either that the Act would not survive the Labour Government or that the £300,000,000 might be greatly increased; while home-seekers faced with house-prices that included the development charge (though the Central Land Board constantly urged them not to pay it) may have been hoping the same. It is easy, here, to smell a landowner's conspiracy to defeat the Act; but what was happening was in fact a *sauve qui peut*, the very negation of conspiracy.

When, moreover, an Act is deliberately drawn in the widest possible terms, it affords the greatest possible scope for misrepresentation. This one had an even worse reception than was accorded seventy years before to Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, whose principles it largely embodies. Much was made, for example, of the discovery that the Act necessitated "planning permission" for the sharing of a house, without structural alteration of any kind—or, by *reductio ad absurdum*, for taking in a lodger. Piloted by the Central Land Board, the local authorities have dispelled many such specious fears, and have so far administered this superlatively difficult Act with discretion and humanity.

But in 1947 it came as a serious blow to many hopes, especially among builders and architects preparing to develop new estates in the "rebuilding of Britain." I know one such architect who was about to embark on a number of building schemes that would have lasted ten years. On the strength of this prospect he had taken a partner, rented new offices, engaged extra staff. On the day the Bill was published he had telephone calls from all the builders involved. Had he seen the terms of the Bill? What was going to happen? Could he see any purpose in going on? He could not. All the projects were dropped; and he decided, in effect, that the best course for a man about to be thrown to the wolves was to join them voluntarily. From that day he has exploited the fee-producing possibilities of the Town and Country Planning Act in every way open to the architect and surveyor, with no scruple except to protect innocent or ignorant clients.

He has earned fees—amounting once to about £2,000 for not more than six weeks' work—by preparing claims for landowners against the £300 million fund, by making "claims against the fund" in respect of land on which there was and is no possibility of development, and by helping property owners to ascertain, expensively, that a proposed development would attract such a development charge as to make it financially impossible. In a quite typical recent instance of this, he earned a fee of eighty guineas by drawing up plans for a conversion that had to be abandoned when it was found that the development charge would be £1,000. He assures me that there are numberless instances, throughout the country, of claims on the £300,000,000 fund which, though properly negotiated and duly admitted by the Central Land Board, relate to physically or financially impossible developments that have never been seriously considered except as a means to defeat the Act. What would you expect, ask the landowners? *Cet animal est méchant: quand on l'attaque, il se défend.* Many professional surveyors accept the role of wicked animal.

The anti-speculation provisions of the Act do not seem to have been invoked. Under Section 70 (1), the Central Land Board can refuse to determine a development charge until "planning permission" has been granted by the local authority, and until they are satisfied that the applicant *intends and is able* to carry out the development in the near future. And they can also (by Section 72) make the development charge personal to the applicant, so that if he sells or leases there must be a new assessment of it—probably upwards. They have not done so.

But whatever jockeying may have been going on during the five-year obstacle race for the £300,000,000, the Act as a whole, and its interference with the landowner's right to do as he likes with his own property and take the profit, must be judged on whether it will lead to better planning. It was recognised that it might entail rough justice for a few, in order that better living conditions might be produced for the many; and among those who recognised this early were the few to whom it seemed likely to do rough justice. In their case, and in that of the opportunists who stood to lose nothing but saw bright hopes of gain, it did not go far enough. It should either have made all question of paying claims for loss of development value dependent on the development's having actually taken place, or insisted that, once the figures of compensation had been actually agreed, the land could only change hands at "existing use value"—that is to say, its market price at the time of sale *without* the compensation figure. True, the latter would have driven many transactions "under the counter," where much money is already changing hands on a basis of guessed development values: the machinery of the Act is too leisurely for a man who wants a house, and the Central Land Board have never seriously used their powers to purchase compulsorily on behalf of thwarted buyers. But at least the law would not be under the counter, too.

As it is, the Act, as many of its opponents are saying, has been outsmarted: and next year the taxpayer will be paying a large part of the £300,000,000 fund to the "outsmarters."

C. H. ROLPH

# Monks' House

BIRD-WATCHING, advised Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, is the ideal hobby for all young officers. He had in mind, perhaps, the encouragement of some of those qualities desirable in both military and ornithological operations: the quick eye, the scientific assessment of the field, patience, and a passionate belief that the end justifies the means, that the ten-mile walk into the east wind, the scaling of the unscalable cliff, the crawl on hands and knees over wet mud, are worth while for the sight of one small brown bird.

The Field-Marshal's advice has been heeded—not only by his officers. An ever-growing army of "birders" is now deployed across our countryside, and at certain seasons of the year no bird can escape the prying eye of binoculars. In fact, there often seem to be more bird-watchers about than birds. And to meet their demands for knowledge, adventure, and more birds to watch, the Bird Observatories and Field Study Centres spring up. The latest is Monks' House in Northumberland, set at the edge of the shore in a recess of the dunes backing the flat wide sands between Seahouses and Bamburgh, looking out to the Farne Islands. In earlier days the site belonged to Lindisfarne Priory and was used as a storehouse and landing place by the monks going to and from their retreat on Inner Farne. But long before St. Cuthbert and his monks knew the spot it was familiar to the birds, for it lies on their great East coast migration flyway. In proof of this is the number of birds trapped and ringed in the first nine months of the Observatory's life—well over 1,000; and their variety—56 species, including such a rarity as Pallas's Warbler, the second ever to be recorded in Great Britain. And from what other

# BARIUM

*PATIENTS* may associate barium with the unpalatable meals which they are given before an X-ray examination, but it is barium sulphate which is used for this purpose, and not the soft silvery-white barium metal. Barium is found in nature in the form of barytes (barium sulphate) and witherite (barium carbonate); it is never found free since the metal readily reacts with air and moisture. It was first recognised as an element by Scheele, a Swedish chemist, in 1774. Its name is derived from a Greek word meaning heavy, because all barium compounds are much heavier than an equal volume of water. Barytes deposits, often found in lead and zinc veins, are mined in the North of England, Germany, Canada and United States. Witherite is far less common. The most famous witherite mine in the world is at Hexham in Northumberland, and workable quantities are also found in Durham. Compounds of barium are important in the manufacture of paper, glass, oilcloth, linoleum and in oil well drilling. Barium metal itself is used to remove the last traces of gas from radio valves and television tubes.

ICI

I.C.I. uses barium sulphate in the manufacture of paint, and barium nitrate in certain kinds of industrial explosives.

one window in the country could one count 82 species of birds in that short time.

The visitors who come here in the course of a year are a mixed bunch, as varied as the birds they watch; but the first shared meal of any group unites them as a flock. By the end of that meal a gentle Liverpool docker, whose school-mistress wife has weaned him from the study of politics to that of birds, is interpreting the benefits of Communism to two energetic American ladies who are "doing" British birds. A couple of London typists discuss the courtship and flight of the tree-creeper. A lady psychiatrist and two doctors compare notes on fulmar population problems.

Work at the Bird Observatory goes on all the year round. As well as the routine trapping and ringing of birds (already one—a linnet—has contributed its small quota to the study of migration by turning up in France), it includes research on such subjects as breeding biology, food preferences and habitat selection. There is the pipit and bunting distribution survey, carried out over the dunes and the wide spacious country of cornfield and pasture inland. (Will the change of policy in farming, the substitution of a rotation of 2- or 3-year leys with corn in place of the old permanent pasture, affect the number and nesting habits of the corn buntings, yellow-hammers and reed buntings? On which side of the dunes do meadow pipits and rock pipits prefer to nest, and what effect did World War II have on the distribution of rock pipits by decorating their dune habitat with concrete pillboxes?)

Then there is some intensive birdnesting to be done on a dense acre of gorse and broom in a delectable Cheviot valley, the nests to be mapped, and in due course the fledglings to be ringed before they leave the nest. (What has made this area so attractive to small birds that forty pairs have nested in this particular spot?) There is Alnwick Park to be visited for redstarts and pied flycatchers, dippers and grey wagtails; the Cheviot to be climbed for grouse, ring ousels and golden plover; and the muddy ornithological paradise of Ross Links, Fenham Flats and Goswick Sands to be scoured for waders great and small. And for a wet evening there is a delightfully messy job for the less squeamish (the lady psychiatrist is good at this). It consists of analysing and cataloguing the contents of several dozen pellets of long-eared owls—a nice mixture of fur with tibias and jawbones of wood mice, voles, rats and, unexpectedly, the beak of a kestrel.

To amateur and professional alike, however, the most interesting part of the work at this observatory is that done on the Farne Island, where St. Cuthbert was the first bird protectionist. The eider duck received his special blessing, and ancient manuscripts tell how he guarded the nests and forbade visitors to interfere with the birds. Today the only inhabitants of Inner Farne are two official Watchers employed by the Farne Islands Association and the National Trust, who, during the breeding season, protect the birds from the depredations of gulls and humans alike.

Apart from the thrill of spotting the occasional rarity, there is plenty of excitement to be had here in watching the big breeding colonies of sea birds on the various islands—thousands of terns, guillemots and puffins; hundreds of kittiwakes, eider ducks and cormorants; smaller numbers of fulmars, shags and razorbills. Terns are there in such dense numbers that after their arrival most of the islands are closed to the public. Inner Farne is the favourite nesting place of the eider duck—St. Cuthbert's duck—so tame that often it is possible to stroke the bird on her nest in the sea campion. The guillemots prefer the austere and overcrowded isolation of the famous table-topped Pinnacles off Staple Island. The cormorants have fortunately removed the squalor and stench of their home life, with its limewashed piles of rotting and regurgitated fish, to Megstone, a small island far from the others. Kittiwake Gully, on Staple Island, provides tier after tier of desirable nesting sites for the neat, domesticated little gull which comes to rest here for a brief breeding space after its wild Atlantic wanderings. Of the 54 recoveries of kittiwakes ringed in the British Isles, 23 were ringed in the Farnes, and some of those were recovered as far west as Newfoundland and as far north as Davis Strait.

ROSEMARY WINTOUR

# Wisley

We had been mushroom-picking. Not the orthodox kind, but small flat yellowish mushrooms, and fried in a little beef dripping they tasted delicious. Of course, before shaking them into the pan, we had looked them up. "There you are," I said, spreading open the chart bought once—now was its first testing—from a chemist in Lyons, "*Clytocype géotrope.*" "No," said she, pointing elsewhere, "*Amenite encymée.*" Either, neither; with perhaps a touch of *Mousseron.* However, since none of these at all resembled the four death's-heads blackly sequestered, we didn't worry.

They had caught our eye on Wisley common as we meandered away from the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens. Few who attend Chelsea know Wisley: there the shop window, here the private address. These three hundred-odd acres in Surrey have more than room for the trickle of sightseers who on a fine day, leaving any accoutrements at the lodge, enjoy walks and woods. One shouldn't, to look at flowers, be crowded; nor should the flowers. Loudness ill becomes them. They are attending an Edwardian garden party. That "naturalness" we so take to is, of course, as artificial as any other style. Nature left to itself knows no rock gardens, no herbaceous borders, no svelt lawns, no elegant climbers or creepers that learn when to leave off, no pine shade under which grows cyclamen, no fairway up a hillside, no clumped shrubs and orderly woods. All these are the product of an art at least as self-cognisant as that which plotted Versailles, and to our minds more becoming; the artists have borne names like Robinson, and have joined native sap to a sometimes horrible phraseology. The Garden Beautiful meant, in fact, beautiful gardens. Wisley is one. (A Wilson played his part here.) In any month of the year it reconciles the pleasures of, say, Kenwood and Kew: no great house, but no strict botany lesson either.

It was new to us picking our way and discovering views without probing them, then exploring part of the rockery. This last, an acre of hillside, has hidden to the ascending eye its network of paths: tweedy ladies rose out of some giant bog plant, an open-shirted young man fancied a pinnacle, gentian sparks with the blue-green of distant sunbirds had chained to the spot an undertaker (so from his costume he seemed); there was a runnel of water to be traced past basins and falls, and woods to look back on. And notebooks, pencils, without which there would be no Latinical shopping lists. Something gay, small, fresh starts out of the rock: chalk it down! I had myself collected, on backs of envelopes, *erodium chamaedryoiedes* (pink flowers) and *convolvulus mauritanicus* (pale blue). A visit to the doctor couldn't have more enhanced me.

We talked to the superintendent, as at home as a rock lizard; and to the old gardener who, with the help of a girl student, manages—bottoms up—to keep this hard acre in trim. We inquired the price of muscats, sniffed stocks, stared into lily-ponds, trod the lawns framed with pretty pink and white daisies. We loitered along the herbaceous walk, a broad grass path with borders of Robinsonian splendour rising to high hedges. We drank the cup of tea provided from a caravan in a neighbouring field (oh Jones, or whoever it is!). We discovered a large, and it was claimed appetising, fruit crossed between orange and mandarin; and soon, far too soon, the clock pointed to going home. It was on our way (curvaceous road by Brown, clouds by Constable) to the roaring Portsmouth Road, that we saw the mushrooms: greedy fingers, at which seed-pods had been nodding all the afternoon, couldn't resist them.

* * *

Second visit. Determined to step out and see all we've missed—lakes, orchards, heath gardens, formal gardens, pine walks, rosaries, flower and vegetable trials, etc. Large bag for mushrooms, together with chart, so that we shall know from the beginning what we're about.

Wisley itself passes in a sunny hallucination, from which we remember leaves dropping, crimson montbretia, a quince by a lake, the sixty-yard herbaceous walk waiting to be cut into a jigsaw, and serve-yourself at the caravan, with wasps queueing.

On the way back we look out for *cèpes*—those large greenish-brown mushrooms whose fleshy strips the French relish with garlic and parsley. What's more, we find them. Enough for a meal for six, together with smaller (and we decide, harmless) odds and ends variously tinted.

Look of horror on the face of the Green Line conductor at what he sees peeping out of the bag.

We aren't so sure ourselves when, at home, we regard our pickings, washed, cut, seasoned, frizzling, and almost identified, half a saucepanful. They smell sweet, but look sluggish. I peruse in Charpentier all the descriptions and comparative tables; so little divides succulence from poison, life from death; everything, it occurs to me, may hang on a colour-printing process not too fine in its shades. Some of the saucepan's contents are going mushy: wrong! As a final resort I lug out the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which after informing me that the species of fungi number 100,000, flies away to this strain: "In the Oomycetes, homothallism is the rule (except *Pictyuchus*), and the gametangia are clearly differentiated into antheridia and oogonia." At any other time, this would fascinate me.

We look at our piled plates. The cat sniffs.

"Delicious," I suggest.

"Then you try it first—only a little bit."

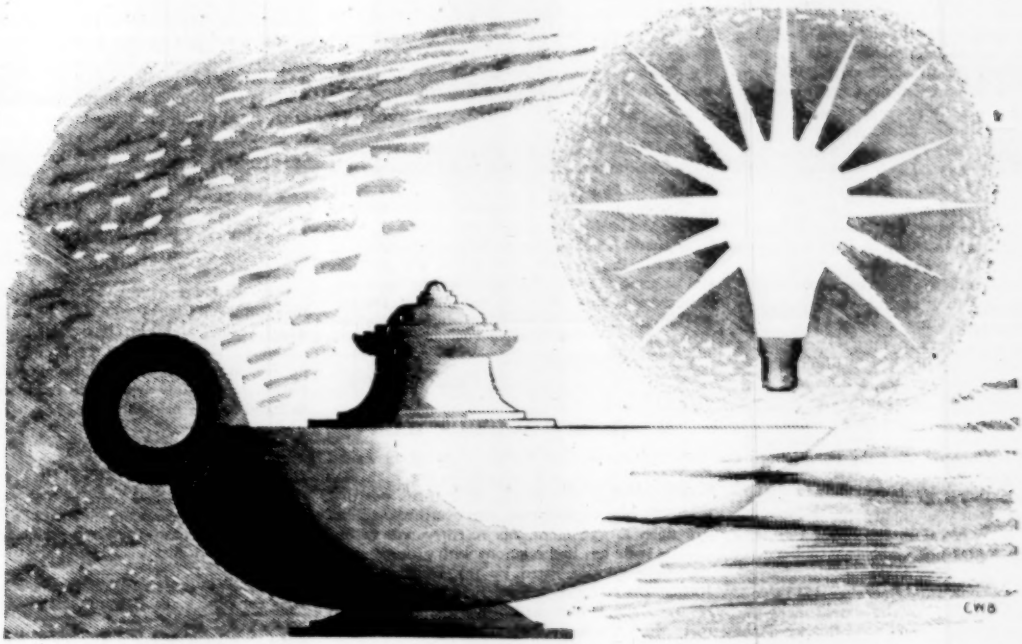
I taste. I wait. A faraway train hoots. There's the least aftertaste of—of—

My hesitation is enough. The mushrooms are bundled away in a newspaper, to be buried deep where the cat won't find them. We nibble mutton-and-mint-sauce sandwiches. I read a little of Ivanov on Dostoevsky. Next morning I wake with a headache, but it wears off.

It may have been, that morsel, *comestible*; it may have been *douteux*, even *vénéneux*. We're where we started. Such vagueness, I know, won't do if we're to be selective mushroom eaters. But with no glowing native tradition to light us—no mycologist Smith—we feel rather lost. Better stick to flowers? That vision of a pale-yellow late-flowering clematis at Wisley, what matter if it's labelled this or that, and if for some it looks pink with spots?

G. W. STONIER

# Filling their lamps with everlasting oil



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# The Return of Charlie Chaplin

## I. AN OPEN LETTER

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN,

I hope you will forgive an open letter: otherwise I would have added to that great pyramid of friendly letters that must be awaiting you in London. This is a letter of welcome not only to the screen's finest artist (the only man who writes, directs and acts his own pictures and even composes their music), but to one of the greatest liberals of our day. Your films have always been compassionate towards the weak and the underprivileged; they have always punctured the bully. To our pain and astonishment you paid the United States the highest compliment in your power by settling within her borders, and now we feel pain but not astonishment at the response —not from the American people in general, one is sure, but from those authorities who seem to take their orders from such men as McCarthy. When Russia was invaded you spoke out in her defence at a public meeting in San Francisco at the request of your President; it was not the occasion for saving clauses and double meanings, and your words were as plain as Churchill's and Roosevelt's. You even had the impudence, they say, to call your audience your comrades. That is their main accusation against you. I wonder what McCarthy was doing in those days?

Remembering the days of Titus Oates and the terror in England, I would like to think that the Catholics of the United States, a powerful body, would give you their sympathy and support. Certainly one Catholic weekly in America is unlikely to be silent—I mean the *Commonweal*. But Cardinal Spellman? And the Hierarchy? I cannot help remembering an American flag that leant against a pulpit in an American Catholic church not far from your home, and I remember too that McCarthy is a Catholic. Have Catholics in the United States not yet suffered enough to stand firmly against this campaign of uncharity?

When you welcomed me the other day in your home, I suggested that Charlie should make one more appearance on the screen. In this would-be story Charlie lies neglected and forgotten in a New York attic. Suddenly he is summoned from obscurity to answer for his past before the Un-American Activities Committee at Washington—for that dubious occasion in a boxing ring, on the ice-skating rink, for mistaking that Senator's bald head for an ice pudding, for all the hidden significance of the dance with the bread rolls. Solemnly the members of the Committee watch Charlie's early pictures and take their damaging notes.

You laughed the suggestion away, and indeed I had thought of no climax. The Attorney-General of the United States has supplied that. For at the close of the hearing Charlie could surely admit to being in truth un-American and produce the passport of another country, a country which, lying rather closer to danger, is free from the ugly manifestations of fear.

The other day a set of Hollywood figures, some of them rather out-moded (Mr. Louis B. Mayer and Mr. Adolf Menjou were among the names) set up a fund to support McCarthy's fight in Wisconsin—a form of Danegeld. Now Hollywood uses English stories and English actors, and I would like to see my fellow-countrymen refusing to sell a story or to appear in a film sponsored by any organisation that includes these friends of the witch-hunter. Our action would be an expression of opinion only; it would not condemn them to the unemployment and slow starvation to which McCarthy has condemned some of their colleagues. They will say it is no business of ours. But the disgrace of an ally is our disgrace, and in attacking you the witch-hunters have emphasised that this is no national matter. Intolerance in any country wounds freedom throughout the world.

Yours with admiration

GRAHAM GREENE

## II. THEIR LOSS, OUR GAIN

THE U.S. Attorney-General's Department waited until Mr. Chaplin was already on the high seas before wielding its stiletto. If it turns out that he holds views advocating the overthrow of the American Government, his re-entry will be refused. If he has had relations with groups which are suspect to or listed by the Department of Justice, his re-entry will be held up while these relations are investigated. We are further told that the Attorney-General's Department had intended to withhold information of its plan for a period of six months, until Chaplin was due to return to America, but that the leakage of information in Hollywood provoked a premature announcement.

That if there is really evidence of Charlie's having offended against the laws or the morals of the U.S., the American authorities, as we have only too good reason to know, have and had ample powers to deal with him on the spot; that the case smells only too strongly of the intolerance and witch-hunting which are sweeping America like a plague and mock her claim to be the leader of the free world; that nobody with the slightest knowledge of Charlie's history, personality or art, could entertain for one serious moment the conception of him as a plotter against the American State, or a subverter of the American way of life—nobody, after all, has ever heard Charlie commit himself to anything more drastic than a sentimental Pacifism; he is a hater of war (but, then, who isn't?)—these are obvious considerations which will occur to all.

What does hold one's shocked attention is the resultant picture of America as a land which can no longer tolerate genius without grave discomfort. "When a true genius appears in the world," said Swift, "you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Perhaps because he insisted on running his own show in Hollywood; perhaps because he insisted on remaining an Englishman; or perhaps because he insisted merely on being himself, a large section of Americans have always confederated against Mr. Chaplin. Well, we can only hope that they have over-reached themselves at last, and keep our fingers crossed in the hope that Charlie will not be allowed to go back. Perhaps he will elect to stay here. The food, I know, isn't what he is used to, but he will find himself among his own people, who have so often provided the inspiration of his art, and he will also find himself among friends who love and revere him.

We can't guarantee him complete immunity from officials—"Genius," as Samuel Butler well said, "has been defined as a supreme capacity for taking trouble. It might be more fitly described as a supreme capacity for getting its possessors into trouble of all kinds"—we can only assure him that we are not as yet a nation of hysterical neurotics who see a Red under every bed and a Communist in every clown.

It is hard to know by what standards great men are to be assessed, but if the creation of happiness ranks, as I think it should, as one of the relevant criteria, then Charlie is a very great man indeed. He has probably been responsible for more happiness and more widely diffused happiness than any other human being, and he has steadfastly stood for the integrity and individuality of the little man against the encroachment of the machine and of the State.

I know that I have written selfishly; that the best thing for Charlie would be to be free to live where he likes, and if he chooses Hollywood that is his affair. But if this may not be, let us hope that he will stay with us. We have a proliferating bureaucracy of our own which might offer ample material for his next film.

C. E. M. JOAD

## III. SCREEN TEST

Little orphant Charlie's come to Britain for a stay,
And America is threatening to shoo him right away;
For making fun of everyone and preaching libert,
They're out to banish Charlie from the country of the free.
When he lands at Ellis Island, a stranger in the gates,
Who may wreck the Constitution and sabotage the States,
Then immigration officers will cluster all about,
And they're planning to deport him
If he don't
watch out.

There's many good Americans who never sleep at nights
For thinking of *The Kid*, and *Modern Times* and *City Lights*—
They remember *The Dictator* once was banned beyond the Rhine
(Now anti-Nazi feeling is a most suspicious sign)
And American idealists aver they can recall
No more subversive slogan than "No politics at all!"
The concept of Democracy such statements plainly flout,
So Charlie's going to get it
If he don't
watch out.

The States Attorney General says he's got a cast-iron case,
So little orphant Charlie has a screen-test still to face;
Though custard-pie confuses watchful censors of the screen,
Subversive influences through the slapstick may be seen.
A comic may give moral and political offence,
And thirty years of screening offer damning evidence.
Unless he proves he's guiltless beyond reasonable doubt
The coppers will get Charlie
If he don't
watch out.

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# Stalagmited

I HAD been fascinated for years by the stories my friends had told me and by the photographs they had sent me from the Dordogne. The animals in the Lascaux caves; the cold, relentless dripping of the water, the bleak silence, the thin lights flickering on those drawings of twenty or thirty thousand years ago. How the artists had used the rounds, the bosses, the convexes in the rock surfaces to assist the movement and reality of their drawings. Every returned traveller stuffed and oozing with *foie-gras* and truffles found a good listener in me. I couldn't have too much of those caves.

Then this summer I myself came upon these animals just as I had imagined them, as real, living pictures—in the British Museum Reading Room. In their greys and blacks and ochres, there they were: printed by some modern process on the frock of a fine primitive young blonde sitting at seat LL.6 reading the Register of the Great Seal of Scotland, 1634-1651.

Seat LL.7 had to be mine. The first book to my hand was Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland. Register of Malmesbury Abbey. "*Medietates defectus qui non solvuntur*," it said on the page at which I opened it. Richard Somebody had a field somewhere. *She* had a great black-red bison charging over her shoulder. Papal exemption by Adrian IV in 1156. But prowling round that soft midriff was a pack of hunting dogs. And there was a hint of something wonderful on the left thigh.

I moved my seat to LL.4 and it was a prancing cow, head back, razor-sharp horns flung back against the terra-cotta of straining linen. Across the broad Hebridian back cantered a frieze of ponies, half horse, half Shetland—cantering over the shoulder blades. I moved up to LL.9. On the right flank another bison coughed out its great life, impaled for ever with a black spear.

Back with the practically contemporary records of Malmesbury Abbey in the twelfth century, in seat LL.7 again, all the wonder and splendour flooded through me. My friends had not lied. It was for this that a small dog fell down a hole in the ground. I spoke to her.

She was extremely rude. It was just like the caves. The distance; the bitter chill; the cold damp dripping; the way a tense whisper echoed.

"But," I said, "the caves, the Lascaux caves."

"There's no good making excuses. I never go in caves."

"No," I implored, "you've got me wrong. I was just pointing out . . ."

"Nobody ever gets your kind wrong," she said decisively, in an accent as thick and with an intent as unyielding as her dog-patrolled waist. It was no whisper either. All the other people in L were looking interestedly at us. I went straight to RR and gave her half an hour. Then I went back.

"Look here," I whispered very quickly into her ear. "All I was saying was that I, too, admired the Lascaux caves and I recognised your good taste in having such a good idea to perpetuate your holiday in your clothes . . ."

"Will somebody ask this man," rang out terrifyingly. But I was out of there like a shot. In a moment she would have had half the Museum staff holding me down; or have done so herself. Mr. Angus Wilson would have been summoned; and a pretty story he would have made of my explanations. It wasn't as if I had ever been to the damned caves.

I have never seen her since. I expect she has returned to Scotland. But to those two of my friends who are in the Dordogne now I shall pay less than my usual attention when they return.

The little meal in the village. The long walk over the fields and up the wooded slopes. The young men with torches, and the concrete steps, the dripping water. I shall listen to it again as I always have but I will not be seeing the firm drawings on the iced-over texture of rock. I shall be sitting again in seat LL.7 just before the storm burst and the caves fell in. Gazing at that wonderful tapestry. The dogs are hunting across the midriff. And patterned against the robust surge of each breast the deer, with heads thrust out, swimming for their lives, swimming for ever round each considerable bluff.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

# The Arts and Entertainment

## VERONA AND MIDDLETOWN

THE Old Vic's first production of the new season, *Romeo and Juliet*, is a splendid omen for the new start. Mr. Hugh Hunt seems to have found the perfect point of balance between his later fantastications and his earlier literalism. The violence, the passion and the poetry of the play are harmonised in a production which gives full weight to each element. Mr. Roger Furse's settings and dresses are very beautiful without being, as the beautiful in decor is nowadays often in danger of being, obtrusive; and Mr. Hunt's lighting of the sets is extremely effective and appropriate. The excitement and the conviction of the opening brawl scenes have been widely praised. And rightly; they are superb. And how much more convincing are the individual acts of violence that follow when we have been presented so vividly with the framework—a city of heat and quarrel where every young man seems to be trigger-happy.

The subsidiary roles are in safe hands. Miss Athene Seyler is a warm-hearted motherly Nurse who never overdoes her part; Sir Lewis Casson is the impossible Friar; Mr. Robert Welles overcomes the handicap of one of the least successful costumes as Capulet; Mr. Lawrence Payne, if not a quite sufficiently dandified Tybalt, makes sure that the fights are superbly good, and Mr. William Squire, as Benvolio, assists the Mercutio with a ready tongue. Mercutio is a part that, owing to the virtual impossibility of the main roles, often seems to steal the attention; and certainly this Mercutio, Mr. Peter Finch, once more demonstrates that if he continues to develop as he is doing, he will be the coming young actor. His range is wide, witness such very different roles as the Polish student in *Daphne Laureola*, the professor of biology in *Captain Carvallo* and Iago in the Orson Welles *Othello*. None of them are easy parts, but to each he has brought an uncommon ability to communicate to the audience the vital elements behind the character. His Mercutio is the very essence of the young swaggerer, flashing with vitality, assurance, tiresomeness, wit, horse-play, mettle.

Where the Romeo and the Juliet fail is just in this extra dimension of communication. Mr. Alan Badel is another young actor of remarkable gifts. He plays the part with immense assurance. He speaks the verse, which Mr. Finch as yet does not, with an obvious appreciation of its richness (though I think he would do well to consider whether he is not in danger of affectation). Miss Claire Bloom would be the perfect Juliet, if physical appearance, grace, freshness, beauty, and sincerity too, were enough. But what neither succeeds in doing is drawing us right in. We watch them from the outside, admiring their skill and taking pleasure in their youth, but we remain unmoved. If only, one feels, they could both forget their technique for a little, and let themselves go into the feeling of their situation, the miracle might happen, and, as the run proceeds, indeed it may. The run, by the way, has now been extended till November 15. And the theatre deserves to be filled.

In American universities, to judge by the fiction we see or read, life seems to be no less violent than it was once in Verona, though a great deal more graceless. The torrent of illiberalism that has flooded the United States since the war has washed across to us several plays that are thought to be too strong meat for Broadway. The latest, *The Troublemakers*, seems to me to be the best. Though an immature piece of work, full of weaknesses both in the character drawing and the invention, it has the great advantage of working from a strong and convincing situation and leading up to a powerful and truthful climax. This sustains the sag in the middle. Mr. George Bellak, the author, wisely centres the crisis in a non-political undergraduate who is involved by accident in a dilemma of conscience. His room-mate is beaten up by the college toughs, and dies. Strong pressure is put on him to concur in hushing the whole incident up. In the first state of shock he is persuaded to do so, but then circumstances combine to work on his conscience, though too late to repair the damage. It is in the handling of these circumstances that the play is weak, and the author makes the fundamental mistake of giving the opposition altogether too weak a case. But fortunately the melodramatic frame is solid, and we are gripped throughout. This, together with taut nervous acting, especially from Gene Lyons and Thora Hird, make the play well worth a visit.

T. C. WORSLEY

## THE ARTIST CRAFTSMAN

AN exhibition organised by Dartington Hall, *Pottery and Textiles* 1920-1952, has been brought by the Arts Council to their New Burlington Galleries, and an excellent show it is. To take the pottery first—it opens with a collection of superb medieval English jugs and pitchers; eighteenth-century English slipware; and Chinese, Korean and Japanese porcelain and stoneware, mostly of the twelfth century. Between them, of course, these exactly illustrate Bernard Leach's main sources. He has drawn all his life on one or another of them, as we see from his own pots shown here.

Bernard Leach, Shoji Hamada of Japan (who is rightly included, since he worked at St. Ives with Leach in the Twenties and has exerted a powerful influence here), Michael Cardew, Katharine Pleydell-Bouverie and others have


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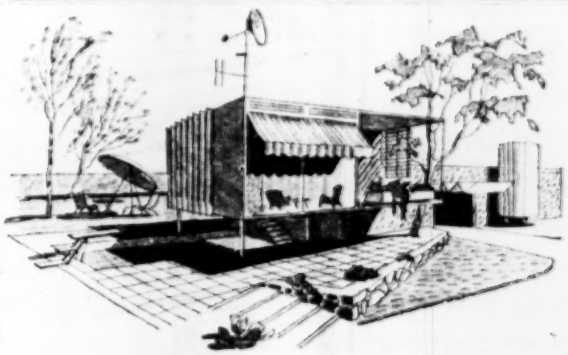

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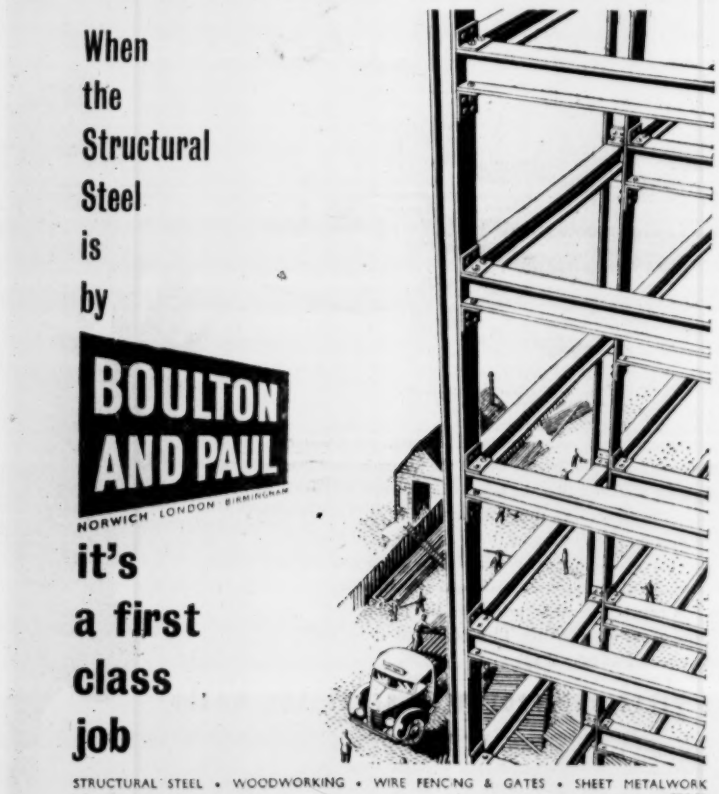
created the dominant tradition among contemporary artist potters. Incidentally, by the time this is in print an important two-man show by Leach and Hamada will have opened at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place. W. Staite Murray stood more on his own, as did his pupil T. S. Haile. But it now becomes clear that Murray's individualism was mostly loss, not gain. Whereas one may regard a Hamada or a Leach as being "a good pot," in the tradition of such, a Murray is a rather self-conscious essay in form, a rather too sculptural *objet d'art*. But pottery is really a self-effacing art. Its virtues are, so to speak, quiet, domesticated, reflective. Even when decoration is vehement or dramatic it still adheres to this principle: the design adorning a pot must appear to have swum outwards to the surface, to have grown outwards from the centre of the pot's form. What one must never do is to treat a jug or bowl as if it were the mere receptacle for a display of graphic design. This, precisely, is what Picasso does—and that is why his pottery has more meaning if it is regarded as an extension of painting or sculpture than as ceramic art.

In the present exhibition there is only one potter who appears to subscribe wholeheartedly to this Picassan heresy: and his black and white designs would be more appropriate on cottons. Not that I decry any attempt to find new devices and images, new forms of rhythmic drawing for the decoration of pottery. There was T. S. Haile—not over-well represented here—whose superb Cubist drawings often settled beautifully into the surfaces of his pots. And Lucie Rie, Alix Mackenzie and Hugh Purdie, for instance, have all, as we see here, discovered new decorative idioms which are truly ceramic: they enhance the form, instead of ignoring it. Indeed, Lucie Rie's success as an innovator extends to the form of her pots as well. Her exceedingly delicate bowls, wafer-thin, and often decorated only by a fringe of loose, free straight lines, engraved side by side, all the way round the pot, are the true ceramic expression of the mood that animates much of the best modern furniture and architecture. A fine, light, spare, dry elegance of shape and texture is her characteristic quality.

The textiles divide roughly into three: heavy hand-woven furnishing fabrics (these, like the rugs and banners on the walls, are nearly all very dull); light handwoven fabrics; and hand printed materials of one sort and another. The printed fabrics are also far from exciting, on the whole. Enid Marx has one pleasant design in black and white (279): but too many by her, or by Dorothy Larcher and Phyllis Barron, have an over-sharp, brittle, wall-papery quality. How much better were some of Paul Nash's textile designs—not included because, presumably, not executed by Nash himself? As good as any of their elders here are a number of designs by students: yet even these hardly merit space in a review of the past thirty-two years.

One thing transforms the textile display: the genius of our greatest weaver, Ethel Mairet, supported as she is by three or four weavers of the lighter fabrics. Mrs. Mairet is to our weavers what Leach and Hamada are to our potters. The incredible richness and variety of texture—and of different materials—all in a single piece is what chiefly fascinates in her numerous exhibits. She is an abstract designer of the very first distinction. The vigour and fertility of her inventive grain should keep industry well supplied with new ideas. But Nancy McCredie (290); Marianne Straub (242), Frank Davies (325), and Barbara Sawyer all contribute excellent woven material. Barbara Sawyer's raffia mats, no less than her woven pieces (332 or 326 for instance), are a weaver's expression of that same contemporary spirit of delicate elegance which, I said, Lucie Rie's pottery transmits.

PATRICK HERON



## RADIO NOTES

"UPON drawing the sword out of the body—it was in the dark—I heard something come gubbling out of the wound and fall spattering to the ground." While I have little stomach for the details of bloody murder, and avoid, if I can help it, all stories of which it is the basis; nevertheless the programme from which I have just quoted, *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* (written and produced by Nesta Pain) proved for all its unattractive circumstance well worth attention. It was, in fact, a carefully constructed example of a specific radio invention, combining acting and analysis; its chief feature being the use of current technical attitudes—historical, legal, medical, psychological—in examining a bygone controversial event. The facts were these: in October 1678 the body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, a well-known London magistrate, was found in a ditch. His death, occurring at the time of the Popish Plot disturbances, caused violent political repercussions; men were later hanged for it. Yet the case for suicide (as the programme showed) is as strong as the case for murder; and the objections to each are equally cogent. To bring out these facts we were presented with the finding of the body, the cross-examination of the witnesses (a passage based on the old legal records), an account of the historical background, and, finally, with the evidence of two modern experts, one in forensic medicine, one in psychology. If there was a weakness in the programme, it was that Sir Edmund himself, like so many murderees, did not seem other than shadowy until towards the close, when a witness revealed him as given to heavy fits of depression. ("'Oh cousin,' said he, throwing the pot one way and the spoon another, 'my father's dark melancholy has seized me; it is hereditary and I cannot get it out of me.'") A final good point was the deliberate absence of an imposed solution. An easy and dangerous partisanship has always been the bane, not only of historical drama and fiction, but of written history itself.

I listen, in a spirit which might be described as defensive but hopeful, to most of the poetry readings that the radio offers. Sometimes the result is painful; this very week, for instance, renderings by a male reader of poems by Yeats and Bishop King (the *Exequy*) were so dragged-out and sepulchrally pitched that they were hardly to be endured. On the other hand, in an excellent review (by Christopher Marsden) of the new *Aeneid* translation in the European Service weekly book talk, parallel passages read from the Dryden and the Day Lewis versions showed (unintentionally, I think, in the context) that the older poet's graceful but formal lines were more effective when spoken than the colloquial, deliberately unromantic contemporary idiom. There is no particular moral in this. If any cautious generalisations are to be made, indeed, they are that the worst readings are those which have heavy emotional undertones, which are so slow that the design of the poem is lost, or which ignore the visual form by slurring in an embarrassed way over the line endings. It also seems that the "best" poems—certainly the major anthology pieces by the great names in English poetry—lose when read aloud, though the lesser-known works of the same writers can be very rewarding. But the work of the average contemporary poet, intelligent, sensitive, and entirely unremarkable on the printed page, almost always gains.

All these matters were dealt with, I found, in the four valuable talks on *The Speaking of Poetry* by Mr. George Rylands; and they are only a few of the many aspects that were covered. These have been admirable broadcasts, bold, subtle and searching; deceptively easy in manner; never aggressive or intense. They contained much agreeable detail, that Henry James (for instance) was sadly disappointed when he heard Tennyson reading *Locksley Hall*, and had to pinch himself, not to keep from swooning, but to set up a rush of sensibility. The Laureate took, he said, more out of his verse than he put in. The recorded illustrations were in themselves remarkable, quite

apart from Mr. Rylands's often rather startling commentaries upon them. In one talk, I recall, he was able by demonstration to point out an affinity between Sir Henry Newbolt's reading of *Vitai Lampada* with Mr. T. S. Eliot's of a passage from his *Four Quartets*. But apart from the entertainment, the conclusions (if we looked for them) are so much to the point that a few of them are worth setting down; that the reader (I quote approximately) must not superimpose his personality on poems which are confessions of the poet's ego; that the visual aspect of a poem should never be overlooked; and that the poetical is the enemy of the poem. NAOMI LEWIS

## THE MOVIES

**"Sudden Fear," at the Carlton**
**"The Planter's Wife," at the Leicester Square**
**"Lovely to Look At," at the Empire**
**"Rainbow Round My Shoulder," at the London Pavilion**

"Big Heads of Pola!" was my consolation when, during another week of job lots, I saw the face of Miss Joan Crawford growing in size till the two eyes were hardly containable by the screen. The phrase will need no explaining to those who have read Mr. Micheal Mac Liammoir's *Put Money in Thy Purse*, a diary of the making of Orson Welles's *Othello* by its Iago. It has already been strongly recommended by Mr. John Raymond, and my excuse for referring to it must be that it provides for the cinema-goer more of his favourite diversion than will be found, at the moment, among new films. It is the one passionately funny book I have read this year. The Bohemianism of the art—no art, according to Miss Lejeune—finds here its perfect recruit and eavesdropper. Cocteau introduced us once to the secret of how *he* makes a film; Welles missed his chance and one of his puppets has done a Petrouchka on him. These personalia have a frankness unique in film writing; and there is detail enough about the film itself to make us demand, furiously, why *Othello* is not here for us to pin down the commentary. It looks, so to speak, better than *Macbeth*.

"Big Head of Pola," then, is the Wellesian way of saying "close-up": the facial geography of Miss Pola Negri having, I won't say initiated, but typified, the near look. *Sudden Fear* comes to it, but not suddenly enough. We have to approach by the most leisurely route of Romance; and a good hour has gone by before Miss Crawford, an heiress and the playwright of Broadway smash-hits, has turned away, called back, listened to, given in to, and sumptuously married a gaunt actor, whose crook instincts now dispose him to murder. It has taken, as I say, a murderously long time—with Miss Crawford at her most melting and leathery-lipped—for the propitious situation to develop; but now it's here we get our full value. *She* knows that he's trying to murder her, and that *she's* going to murder him. It gives their love scenes a nice edge: who says the aside (in looks, at any rate) is outmoded? Then there's the gigantic Pola, the moment of terror, the loss of nerve; and he in his big car chases her running up and down the hill streets of San Francisco. But Miss Crawford strides away in the dawn with a look that betides new adventures. Don't worry. She'll come up suffering.

*The Planter's Wife* tries to be serious about the struggle of Malay rubber-planters with banditry; but its level, none too high, is that of the thriller. It was a mistake to choose Miss Claudette Colbert as the planter's wife, since she'd already too much sweetened the air in a Jap prison camp. She belongs, in my opinion, farther West. Here, impeccably dressed, she snipes, machine-guns, grenades the Communist bandits; while honest jack Hawkins, her husband, not unnaturally, tries to pack her off home. At moments a reality in the background intrudes on us, and there is one really exciting sequence, when a mongoose vanquishes a cobra: otherwise the film, English to the core, rather misses its mark.

Of the two musicals living on old favourites, *Lovely to Look At*, with Jerome Kern's tunes, comes off far the better, though it is no match for the original Astaire-Rogers musical; and, except for its music, *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* is about as soapy a eulogy of the crooning world as one could dread to find. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**Île des Sirènes, at Sadler's Wells**

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has the most pleasant atmosphere of any English ballet company. It affects the audience with an enthusiasm which, if as indiscriminating as ever, finds delightful response in the youth and gaiety of the dancers. Their latest addition to the repertoire is a chic little neo-Grecian number about the mariner, Palinurus, who after being pushed overboard by the God of Sleep, finds his way to the Sirens' rock, to be seduced, flagellated with seaweed and strangled by those unsympathetic ladies. Debussy's music undulates with Mediterranean dreams, while the dances, designed by Alfred Rodrigues, develop with skilled harmony and invention. Elaine Fifield was a polished seductress and David Blair danced well as Palinurus, though there is a quality of physical softness about him ill suited to a pilot of Aeneas's fleet. This same softness was apparent in Pirmin Trecu, who danced *Jota Toledana*. As with Mr. Blair, his technique is good and he has definite personality, but there is a lack of masculinity and hard, inner vitality to the texture of his movement, so that in both these young men's presence the contrast between male and female behaviour loses its significance. On the other hand, as a love-lorn lad in the romantic *La Fête Étrange* Pirmin Trecu's charm and sensibility were shown to perfection. It seems that the romantic roles come more naturally to the young men of this company, for David Poole was one of the best Prince Siegfrieds in *Le Lac des Cygnes* that I remember: His behaviour, without being in the least soppy, was courteous and poetic, his appearance pale and handsome. It is not often that this character attains such fairy-tale beauty. A.F.

# Correspondence

## THE SCIENTISTS' DILEMMA

SIR,—Professor Waddington during the war was a distinguished exponent of Operational Research, the application of scientific method and objectivity to the organisation and tactics of war; I wish that scientists would apply to the Malthusian issues raised by Professor A. V. Hill the elementary lessons of Operational Research. These lessons, if I understood Professor Waddington and others, were that the variables were often more important than the self-evident factors; that conventional thinking was an obstacle to a rational approach and that when the scientists had really examined the variables and "re-jigged" the problem, they could usually carry conviction with brass-hats and administrators. Simple arithmetic proved that we were bound to lose the Battle of the Atlantic; an assessment of the variables by the scientists and the reorganisation of convoys and air-cover completely altered the issue. Simple arithmetic supports the gloomy predictions of Professor Hill and the misgivings of Professor Waddington but there are many variables to be considered before we apply "medical sanctions" and withhold the life-saving advances of modern science. On my recent survey for the United Nations in S.E. Asia, even my superficial observations threw up enough "variables" to make me dispute the inexorableness of "simple arithmetic."

In over-populated Java, I saw peasants, delivered from disease, achieving prodigies of effort in bringing water to the uplands of Kulumprogo to open up a new region to rice-cultivation. In the Ganges area, in East Pakistan, malaria-control was applied in the district of Mymensingh, and the production of the rice-fields increased by 15 per cent. No agricultural innovations or improvements had been introduced; the result was due merely to the fact that, in the peculiarly manual operations of wet-rice cultivation

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

instead of three out of five workers being sick at the transplanting and harvest five pairs of hands were available. I saw the jungle region of the Himalayan *terai* being opened up for rich cultivation, capable of feeding millions, after it had been abandoned for a thousand years because of the mosquito. I quote these only as examples of doctors contributing to feeding the lives they save, and as underlining the question in your article as to how much of the 57 per cent. of uncultivated land in land-hungry India is malarial jungle.

Another factor which is overlooked is that mother and child health services, which add to Professor Hill's sum, are also the most fundamental of all education because they break through the segregation of the women; and the emancipation of women from ignorance is indispensable to the solution of this problem. Nor, as far as I can ascertain, is there in the major religions of S.E. Asia any dogmatic obstacle to family planning. What is needed is the knowledge and the means.

Obviously, the "simple arithmetic" cannot be ignored. Obviously, too, there is a danger of doctors, the advance-guards of technical advance, getting too far ahead of the consolidating services. And from what I know of Technical Assistance there is a real need for Operational Research to study every major project, so that the variables can be appraised and the work of the World Health Organisation, the Food and Agriculture Organisation, Unesco, the International Labour Office, and the Technical Assistance Administration (as well as Mutual Security Administration, Point-Four and the Colombo Plan) can march in step. But this means more use of science, not a sit-down strike.

Christchurch Park, Sutton. RITCHIE CALDER

Sir,—Your editorial "False Dilemma for Scientists" does singularly little towards resolving or explaining humanity's greatest problem; that of over-population. To say that the dilemma is for the statesman rather than for the scientist or that the scientist's problem is merely that of working out techniques does not satisfy the scientist who is also a humanitarian and wishes to see some benefit to the human race from his work.

You come within an ace of propounding the real dilemma when you say that the problem of the scientist is how to feed the lives saved from mass-diseases until limitation of births begins to operate. But the whole difficulty lies in the consideration that feeding these lives does not in general raise their standard of living, but merely increases the numbers living in the same poverty and accomplishes no step towards a higher standard or a reduced birth-rate. Thus the difficulty becomes even more intense.

What can be offered as alternatives to the ancient checks on population—starvation, disease and war? Can the practice of birth control be spread before or simultaneously with the increase in food production and improvement in health? Religions, patriotisms and traditions answer "No."

The only other alternative worth considering is that of making the increase in food production so rapidly and having it coupled with such education that the survival needs of the increasing population will be so abundantly surpassed that the people will be suddenly brought to a standard of living in which they will limit their births. Something like this did indeed happen to the Western nations, by exploitation of new lands, and by the industrial revolution; but to try to accomplish it now on a world-wide basis is quite fantastic. Can it be accomplished piecemeal by refusing medical and technical aid except to such a small portion of the world's population that we can hope precipitately to raise its living standards to the desired extent and then step by step extend such dominions of well-being? Such a programme might be effected by a beneficient world dictator but hardly by any agency we can reasonably contemplate. Such a programme would be almost universally opposed; by the depressed people except the chosen few; by most religions; by most governments; and by our common ethical conscience which does not permit us to let individuals die whom we might save.

So the dilemma of the humanitarian scientist persists; what he accomplishes in increase of food supply merely increases the under-fed populations, what he accomplishes in dispelling diseases merely increases deaths from malnutrition. If he is successful he increases population pressure and with it the urge to war and to dictatorial government. He would be well advised to stay in his ivory tower of pure science or at least to confine his services to peoples with a controlled population.

9349 Rivershore Drive, Niagara Falls, N.Y. AYLMER H. MAUDE

## U.S. DETENTION CAMPS

SIR,—The article by Charles Allen, Jr., on "Concentration Camps in the U.S.?" in your issue of September 13 is a striking illustration of your tendency to use special critical yardsticks carelessly in measuring American culture, as carelessly in fact as Senator McCarthy uses his twisted measuring-rods on his opponents. You strain so hard to extract a hostile inference from American news that you help to bring discredit on all of us in America who, like yourself, oppose Senator McCarran and the hysterical tendencies which he represents.

The detention camps described by Mr. Allen as established under the McCarran Act are not for peace-time use, and it would be illegal to detain anybody in them except in a national emergency. What's wrong with building detention camps *for war* in advance of the emergency? We build barracks, erect scaffolds, and manufacture atomic bombs for war purposes in advance of the event. Why wait until war comes to handle enemy aliens and their associates in an efficient manner?

During the last war I served as a member of a three-man Alien Enemy Board in New York which sent to detention centres Germans, Japanese and Italians who seemed to be potential spies or saboteurs. It was a difficult business to judge potential sabotage, but as I look back on the hundreds of hearings which I sat through I think that we were quite reasonable and lenient in freeing most of our cases with a warning to stay away from war-production centres, and in detaining only those who seemed to be genuine security risks. But I still feel guilty because I helped to send away men to places which were overcrowded and unsuitable. I remember still the horror I felt when I visited some of the Japanese business men I had helped to commit, and found them huddled together in crowded quarters on Ellis Island.

Mr. Allen's description of the detention camps now being built is calculated to create disgust and apprehension, but the actual accommodations in rural areas are likely to be much better than a prison or Ellis Island. The potential overcrowding which he foresees is based wholly on the statements of one minor official, and it should not be accepted as government policy. James V. Bennett, our director of Federal prisons, who will have charge of the enterprise, happens to be one of our most humane and progressive specialists. Whatever his limitations may be, he will certainly be able to handle the situation more humanely after the new detention buildings have been erected.

Meanwhile, what did you do with roving Nazis in the last war? And what will you do with roving saboteurs in the next war? If your Government shows a little realistic forethought by constructing detention camps for them now, how will you feel if the *New Republic* squeezes a patronising editorial out of the event, admonishing England about the dangers of thought control?

Dublin. PAUL BLANSHARD

[We did not print Mr. Allen's article in an "attempt to extract a hostile inference," but as another illustration of the way that official America—and liberals like Mr. Blanshard—have come to accept the inevitability of war, and all the unpleasant things that go with it. ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## SOVIET CHILDREN'S BOOKS

SIR,—Like Naomi Mitchison, I have just returned from Russia; like her too, I was while there interested in children's books and reading matter—not, as she was, as an author, but as a teacher and as a parent. Before I went to Russia, I was asked to find out what Russian children read in the way of, or instead of, comics. The answer to this question I found in the Pioneer Palace at Leningrad, at children's homes in Kiev and elsewhere, and at schools in Moscow. Instead of the cheaply produced comics so beloved of English children, Russian children read their own newspaper—the *Children's Pravda*—published three times a week. Without exception, all the children whom I saw reading it were genuinely interested in it; and its contents catered for a wide range of age and taste, including an adventure serial, biographies of the great, articles on aeroplanes, and chess notes and problems. The pictures were excellent.

At the famous Children's Book Centre in Moscow which I made a special point of visiting, I saw children's books for all ages. The typography, the layout and the quality of illustrations were all excellent, I was told that only the best artists are commissioned to illustrate children's books. In all ways, indeed, only the best is good enough for the children. I can without fear of contradiction say that the books for Russian children are the best produced (I refer of course at the moment to physical production) in the world. No English book for children can compare with these Russian books.

I paid special attention to the subject matter of these books. All the classic children's favourites were there: Andersen, Grimm, Charles Perrault, Pushkin, and Tolstoi, as well as *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels*, and Jules Verne. So was the *Hound of the Baskervilles*. I wonder what the Russians make of Watson? But, since one hears stories of the didactic purpose that *must* underlie every Russian book and of the "Party line" that every Russian author must toe, I (and my companion at the Book Centre) asked questions about these allegations. Our questions were received with derisive amusement—they were answered by a number of the best known Russian children's writers of today.

The purpose behind every Russian book (fiction; I am speaking of entirely) is to entertain. Any moral, or didactic purpose, must be incidental to the story. When my companion, Mrs. Hilde Lewis (herself a prominent novelist) asked if a Russian author would have his books published if they contained no moral but were for entertainment only, she was told that no author can be *not* didactic; in other words, no one


# Mr Rank

A Study of J. Arthur Rank and British Films

ALAN WOOD

"A portrait of Rank which with every stroke grows more sympathetic, more entertaining and stranger. Acutely enjoyable and valuable."
DILYS POWELL—*(The Sunday Times)*

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*can* write a novel that is for entertainment only. Dickens was cited by the Russians as an example of a great story-teller whose novels were the vehicle for propaganda directed against the social evils of his day; although certain critics dismiss didactic novelists as "propagandists," I am not one who finds the Russian viewpoint untenable. So, although Russian fiction is primarily for entertainment, it does carry a moral; and the moral is always a worthy one. The brotherhood of man—man's conquest of physical and natural difficulties—the glories of peace—are among the morals taught, incidentally, in Russian children's books.

At the Children's Book Centre, boys and girls were using the reading room. One boy had a school story; others, stories of animal life. One boy told me his favourite story was *White Fang* (which he'd read in translation); he was reading Jack London's short stories at school, in English. He had enjoyed *The Mexican*. An English teacher with whom I talked at Leningrad showed me the English section of the school library—Jack London, Wells, and Thackeray were well represented. The teacher himself preferred Kipling, Scott and Jack London (of whose *Iron Heel*, which he had read in English, he spoke approvingly).

It is not only as regards books that Russia shows her concern for the full mental development of her children. There is a children's theatre in Moscow, where first-class companies stage special productions especially for audiences of children. We attended one such performance, of a 19th-century comedy. It was excellently produced; the audience (of what in England would be mainly fifth and sixth-formers) was very appreciative.

But of a Russian counterpart to Biggles, or William, or Enid Blyton, we saw (and heard) nothing. Russian children have much to be thankful for.

PETER IBBOTSON
Nat. Assoc. of Labour Teachers. *Hon. Sec.*

## SHAW'S CORNER

SIR,—I would take exception to only one phrase in Miss Marjorie Deans's letter on this subject. She writes of "a fund of which Shaw's fortune, and the continuing Shaw income, should so clearly be the principal mainstay."

It is not at all clear to me why Shaw's fortune should be alienated from an object he had very much at heart, and devoted to another object or objects (of whatever kind) for which he expressed no testamentary enthusiasm. If the British public feels that gratitude is due to Shaw for his lifetime of writing, and wishes to express that gratitude in an expensive memorial, the British public, in common decency, must be prepared to pay for it. It is, I think, quite a new principle in public life that unless a great man makes provision for his own memorial, a relieved public may shrug its shoulders and let him go without. The word for that is "meanness."

By the way, it has now leaked out that Shaw approached the National Trust when presenting it with Shaw's Corner, and offered to endow it; but the Trust authorities assured him that this would be unnecessary. A good many silly and ungracious complaints might have been spared us if this information had been made public earlier.

19 Waverlree Nook Road, ALLAN M. LAING
Liverpool.

SIR,—Could not the National Trust's difficulty be overcome by some plan which linked Shaw's unendowed Corner with the richly endowed scheme for spelling reform? I presume that no part of the money can legally be diverted from one purpose to the other, and also that something will have to be done sooner or later to use the money in the way the testator intended. But if the house at Ayot St. Lawrence were to become the headquarters of the efforts towards spelling reform its upkeep, one would think, might legitimately be made a charge on the fund. If the premises should prove a little cramped and the work, therefore, be retarded, there are those who might consider this an additional advantage.

London, N.W.10. AUGUSTUS BAKER

## "*LESBIA BRANDON*"

SIR,—What I may politely call the review, published in your columns on August 16, of Swinburne's work and my own in the volume entitled *Lesbia Brandon* has just come to my notice on my return from abroad. It is a pity the author of it, Mr. John Bryson, did not really read the book before giving himself the pleasure of condemning it as for the most part worthless. Had he done so his observations might—perhaps—have been a little more substantial and rather more worthy of serious attention. On the sole, or almost sole, occasion when he ventures beyond mere opinion, dogmatic and unsupported—or very scrappily supported—into matter of hard fact, he is far from fortunate. He says that certain illustrations done for the novel by Simeon Solomon "might have been mentioned in the description of the MS." But they are all mentioned by me, and in very full detail! And, what is more, they are mentioned in the very place where he says they should be, "in the description of the manuscript." The impression Mr. Bryson doubtless intended to create was that even in the lowliest and easiest part of my work I was grossly incompetent.

This well gives the measure of his capacity and integrity as a critic.

Let him bring forward other strictly factual matters, and I will deal with them as faithfully as I have done with this one—and make him feel still more sorry for having rashly interloped into territory where he is evidently an alien.

As for his mere opinions, I think they are hardly worth discussing. I will simply say that I am not concerned to defend my departure from what he regards as "good manners" when I am dealing with knaves and fools; and that in affirming of *Lesbia Brandon* that "in characterisation," etc., "there is little that merits serious consideration," he is merely falling back on what, anticipating criticism of this kind, I called "a dogmatism of blank negation"; and I added that "Blank it will be in more senses than one, and good men will know it for the utterance of that thing '*énorme*,' with its '*front de taureau*,' on which Baudelaire exercised his scorn." I may say here that the noun thus qualified by Baudelaire was "*La Bêtise*."

The Athenæum, S.W.1. RANDOLPH HUGHES

[John Bryson writes: I owe Mr. Hughes an apology for my failure to notice the mention of the Simeon Solomon drawings at the end of his very detailed account of the MS. No one would wish to do injustice to his work or to create a false impression of gross incompetence. Opinions about the merits of *Lesbia Brandon* and the demerits of the "knaves and fools," who have criticised it may reasonably differ. As Mr. Hughes says, they are hardly worth discussing further.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

SIR,—In his notice of my unassuming "companion" to *The South of France* your reviewer mocks at me for filling it with everything about Provence "that we already know" and evidently regards me as a philistine for not having starred Picasso among the *monuments historiques* of the Côte d'Azur and not having said a word about Matisse when I "allow" my readers to reach Vence. May I, at least, give my reasons for the latter omission? My publishers offered me two photographs of the Matisse chapel which has aroused so much interest among Catholic æsthetes. If this pious little building indicates that the master has been converted to Catholicism in his old age, it is natural enough that fellow-converts should be enthusiastic about it. I decided not to use the photographs because the chapel might have been erected anywhere, its artistic merits are debatable and it is certainly not characteristic of Vence. I did not, therefore, believe that they would be of as much help to the average tourist as the views I chose in place of them.

My book, I need hardly say, was not intended for the ultra-sophisticated who, like your reviewer, are so bored with Provence that they "long for the artless gaiety of Bexhill-sur-mer," but for readers about to visit that country for the first time. For such innocents even the hackneyed splendours of Avignon, even Petrarch and Laura, may provide a deeper thrill than post-Gropius pavilions, already dated, in English South coast resorts.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING


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# Books in General

. . . A historian to whom learning and judgment had not been granted in equal proportions, and who, after years of incredible and well-nigh mythical research, had come to the conclusion that the Pope could err.

WITH this firm sneer Lytton Strachey sidesteps his account of the Vatican Council and plants his *pic* neatly in Manning's adversary. In less than a paragraph the harm is done; through the seductive alchemy of Strachey's prose Acton emerges in the popular imagination as ineffectual, meddling, opinionated, blinkered with scholarship, a huge purblind mammoth of erudition turning his great head this way and that in a pathetic attempt to snuff out priesthood and persecution. "Such men," Manning declared—and for once we can sense his biographer agreeing with him—"such men are all vanity; they have the inflation of German professors and the ruthless talk of undergraduates."

Like so many sneers, Manning's words concealed a pale half-truth. Acton was the most ruthless of historians and, temperamentally at least, he was a German professor. Temperamentally, he was also a Whig aristocrat, a medieval canonist, a Tocquevillian liberal, a Congress diplomat and a Pennsylvanian Quaker. Shropshire baronet, English M.P., a Lord-in-Waiting, and a Fellow of All Souls, he was the friend and counsellor of Mr. Gladstone and the inaugurator of the *Cambridge Modern History*. His uncle was a Cardinal, his step-father sat in the Cabinet with Palmerston; one of his grandfathers was a Bourbon Prime Minister, the other had been created a Duke by Napoleon. So complicated an inheritance was not to be caught in a net of Bloomsbury epigrams.

For all his ramifying connections, Acton is the loneliest of the great Victorians. His biographer, Archbishop Mathew, speaks of "the essentially solitary character of his great knowledge"; he seemed to carry about with him a mysterious aura of isolation, derived partly from his fastidious upbringing and partly from what Mr. Woodruff,* in a vivid phrase, calls "the superiority of the more closely informed." This aloofness kept him outside the fraternity of English nineteenth-century historians, that indefatigable band of brass-rubbers and cross-country trampers with their high thinking, plain living, breezy Churchmanship, astute careerism, and tight muddy gaiters. The quip-laden High Tables where Stubbs was forever "buttering Freeman and Freeman buttering Stubbs" lay, at least until the end of his life, outside Acton's experience. He preferred the Faubourg St. Germain, the *Konversationssäle* of Vienna or the Lobby of the House of Commons. There the historian might still hope to meet "elderly men gorged with esoteric knowledge."

For scholars like Creighton, history was primarily an affair of exposition. For Acton it was one huge unsolved detective story, the historian's task an eternal sleuth-hunt down the thronged seamy corridors of the past. Each event, each personality, withheld an essential clue which, when found ("Let a man criminate himself"), would, however damning, be only a nearer approximation to the total truth. Only public guilt mattered:

> *Les sept péchés capitaux* [he told Lady Blennerhasset] *n'existent pas pour l'Histoire. Que Louis XVIII ait été glouton, Pitt ivrogne, Washington colère, Burke peu délicat en affaires . . . cela ne touche bien peu. . . .*

Vice counted for less than crime, no crime counted more than homicide. In his appraisal of public crime the historian would be exposed to every kind of influence "special to his mode of life, temptations from Country, Class, Church, College, Party, Authority of talents, solicitation of friends." The most respectable of these temptations were the most dangerous.

His obsession with public morality made Acton the enemy of "the impartial historian." An approximate justice, not a slipshod or indifferent "fairness," was the ideal at which he aimed. Though his output was far slenderer than that of any of his great contemporaries, no historian ever donned the black cap so frequently. If the Casket Letters left Mary Stuart with a loophole there were others, such as Elizabeth and William the Third, whose guilt was clear, and "I would hang them higher than Haman for reasons of quite obvious justice, still more, still higher, for the sake of historical science." This moral fanaticism accounts for the "streak of melodrama" in Acton's work and methods to which his ablest critic, Professor Butterfield, takes such an exception.

Intoxication with conscience made Acton the most sensational, the most pessimistic, of historians. Burke's sanguine disciple, Döllinger's earnest pupil, became a man physically hag-ridden by his sense of "the dreary and heart-breaking course by which men have passed to freedom." He believed as much as the fiercest moral theologian that "the Reign of Sin is more universal, the influence of unconscious error is less" than most of us realise. History, for him, was a vast posthumous confessional in which princes and powers rendered up an account of their public actions. Nor did a harsh absolution preclude understanding. A thousand hints buried in his memoranda or in the knotted, tesselated prose of his essays and lectures prove that Acton had all the makings of a great director of souls. (Take, for instance, the striking notes on Baudelaire and Tiberius that Mr. Woodruff has resurrected in this volume of early essays and reviews.) Profound knowledge of the past and a wealth of contemporary experience furnished him with a unique set of instruments for assessing the human heart. If the historian had not been so concerned with Liberty and Conscience, he would have been the English La Rochefoucauld. With such an equipment it is hard to understand why he should so persistently have refused to make even the basic allowances that historians customarily make when confronted with human cruelty.

The answer, perhaps, is that Acton's sense of psychology was profoundly unhistorical. Ethically, he might be described as a New Testament fundamentalist. For him, morality (and by that he meant Christian morality) was static, homogeneous, absolute—had been so, at least, since A.D. 33. Though the notion and analysis of conscience might be scarcely older than 1700, "in Christendom, time and place do not excuse—if the Apostle's Code sufficed for salvation." The code was not new; it had been known for centuries. Human nature had not changed in the interim. How, then, could a man like Creighton hold that time or place or occasion could mitigate murder? Acton's intuitive sense of history was preternatural; he could lay his ear to a Papal Bull or a court memoir and rifle their secrets as easily as a burglar cracks a safe. But once judgment was to be passed, history was forgotten. Acton hurried back across the centuries to fill a judgment seat almost beyond the reach of Time itself.

It was a vanishing trick, a deliberate disassociation of the scholastic personality. This, far more than his scientific method, sets Acton apart from the great Romantics such as Carlyle, Macaulay, Thiers and Froude, with whom he had temperamentally so much in common. For them, in the last resort, it was the broad landscape compositions of history that mattered—Carlyle's evening sun of July falling slant on "reapers and peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main." However wild their tirades against priestcraft or superstition, torture or press censorship, their chief aim was to re-create the pulse of life. ("If I surpass other historians," boasted Michelet, "it is because I have loved more!") Acton loved only ideas: justice, truth, tolerance. To the Romantics he was a dilettante who had cast himself for the part of Rhadamanthus. To him, men like Macaulay were "great narrators," not great historians. In their creative sweep they forgot the suffering of the individual: their minds had not been "turned to gloom by the contemplation of the affairs of men."

Acton's moral intransigence, the splendid and passionless aridity of his mind, bored his romantic contemporaries and has inevitably shocked his scientific successors. Indeed, to account for it, Professor Butterfield has been reduced to posit some fatal psychological lesion in the historian's middle years. It is a persuasive theory and one that corresponds to the rough chronology of Acton's working life outlined in Mr. Woodruff's admirable introduction, *i.e.*, a period of great industry between 1858 and 1870, twenty largely barren years while he was working on the history of Freedom, and five last fruitful years at Cambridge. Yet such a suggestion would hardly commend itself to Acton's latest champion. Mr. Fasnacht's book† implies that there was no such break in Acton's mental life. His study is a sustained chapter-and-verse attempt to provide him with a coherent political philosophy. Since Acton's labours were huge but their results fragmentary, this is no easy task, and it is hardly surprising that the writer should account for all the seeming inconsistencies and contradictions in an appendix. "The main clue to the problems of Acton interpretation," he tells us, "are:

A. That he was (1) Christian, (2) Liberal, (3) Historian, (4) Learned, (5) Sincere, (6) Developing.

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* *Essays on Church and State*. By LORD ACTON. With an Introduction by DOUGLAS WOODRUFF. *Hollis & Carter*. 30s.

† *Acton's Political Philosophy*. By G. E. FASNACHT. *Hollis & Carter*. 21s.

B. The evidence is of different kinds and different dates and very large . . .
C. Acton never says in one place all that he thinks on any topic . . .

Despite this ambiguous and curiously Actonian approach, Mr. Fasnacht makes a convincing case for his hero. By judicious and copious quotation, both from Acton's printed works and from the vast mass of his unpublished MSS., he builds up a formidable politico-ethical system. We see how the historian's theory of freedom sprang necessarily from his theory of conscience; Grotius, Locke, Burke and Jefferson were essential concomitants to St. Thomas. In Acton's vocabulary freedom ideally meant the "perfect freedom" of the Prayer Book; human history, for all its cruel setbacks, must "End with the kingdom of God, which is liberty."

Such a system could only have been evolved by a historian living between the years 1834 and 1902. For all his pessimism, Acton believed in Progress as firmly as any of the Victorians, but it was Progress in terms of ideas and moral feelings rather than of machinery or invention. The very ruthlessness of Acton's historical judgments sprang from his contemporary complacency, from his belief that men would inevitably grow better as their political and economic liberties were enlarged. Believing in the liberal future, the historian could afford to flout the illiberal past. Acton refused to accept Father Paul's history of the Council of Trent on the ground that:

> There is a book attributed to Father Paul in which the use of poison is recommended to the Venetian government. We cannot take our history out of Newgate, and until his authorship is disputed his solitary testimony is insufficient.

Brave words in 1895, but we are unlikely to hear them in any lecture-room today. What relevance have they, say, to the historian attempting an estimate of Von Papen's *Memoirs* or Ciano's *Diary*? Though it is history, and not the historians, that has grown cynical and brutalised, a world that has produced Buchenwald and the Russian slave camps has little right—or temptation—to loose its moral passions on the past. The twentieth century must necessarily be an age of Creightons. Actons are a moral luxury that we can scarcely afford.

JOHN RAYMOND

## UNDERSEA ALP

A height—none here shall set his foot,
Though man drowning in ether scale
Sun-dazzled Everest:
None here shall clutch, swing axe and rope,
None by moraine or chimney grope
To reach the unsnowed crest—
A rock-fall where no pine may root,
Nor edelweiss hoarfrosty shoot
From eyebrow-clefts of shale.

Yet man there was, foot swathed and blunt,
Who fumbled once the devilish
Impalpable scarred peak:
Who soft with cushioned knocking brushed
The sunken summit, leaned and pushed
His arms, his flappers weak,
Against the weight, wash, waters' brunt—
A deaf and dumb man's treasure-hunt,
A man, a goggling fish.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

## THE FLESH BEHIND THE SKELETON

**Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce.** By ARLAND USSHER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Peering at the high tide-line of portraits in the college hall, I asked if I might be shown the portrait of Trinity's second scholar, Archbishop Ussher—iron Protestant and gloved Royalist, he who first sponsored a Gaelic Bible, who carried to Strafford the last message from Charles I, and who fainted as he watched "the villains in vizards" begin to put up the hair of his king, on the scaffold.

"We *had* such a portrait," explained my host, "but someone found there was another picture underneath. So we cleaned Ussher off and discovered a mediocre Dutch painting." This artless loss of face, this painstaking neglect of household gods, this wildgoose flight into the backward skies of Europe, is one kind of Irishman's way of detachment: impressed by tradition, and oppressed by personalities, he seeks—in Joyce's words—freedom from "the nightmare of history." "When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung out to hold it back from flight. You talk to me," said Joyce, "of nationality, language and religion. I shall try to fly by those nets." Too far east is best therefore; the Irishman is at home in exile.

Mr. Arland Ussher, in his study of three great Europeans, is at pains to reverse the process, and to retrieve the features that are distinctively native. "I believe," he says, "that without some knowledge of their Irish background, none of them—not even Shaw—can really be understood." How true that every skeleton has a human being in the cupboard; and, with expected wit, Mr. Ussher proceeds to flesh the bones of UNRRA-ality, and worldly wisdom, with locality. He preserves—to a rare degree—the flash of intuition in the dead pan of ideas. Cosmopolitan in outlook, parochial (in the best sense) in insight, he is a properly split man. No bird ever flew on one wing, and Mr. Ussher would agree that, to say a thing, one must—for truth's and dichotomy's sake—immediately unsay it; he therefore employs what he calls "the constantly shifting viewpoint," a method which, if it makes for contradiction and indefinition, gives movement and life; he can hawk and swallow his words at the same time; Shaw, Yeats and Joyce he can damn and praise in the same breath. Joyce he recognises as "the one great writer that has come from Catholic Ireland, as Dante was the one great poet of the Middle Age"; yet *Finnegans Wake* is "the weirdest 'folly' in the history of verbal architecture."

Of Yeats's philosophy he remarks that "it is doubtful if the theories of *A Vision* will ever receive the consideration they certainly deserve"; yet the all-important *gyre* of that vision irreverently (and irrelevantly, since Yeats pronounced "gyre" with a hard "g") reminds Mr. Ussher of how the slithy toves "did gyre and gimble in the wabe." Still, I guarantee that his jorum of double judgment, if swallowed at once, is warming and stimulating. "In Ireland," he comments, "drinking is not so much a weakness of the flesh as a form of flight from the flesh; and the pub is the layman's monastery." One thinks of those three high-priests of literature, word-intoxicated; Joyce, who—as a friend put it—was "born two whiskies under par"; Shaw, who needed no drink; and Yeats, who once entered a pub, only to leave it immediately. "Ireland sober is Ireland free."

Mr. Ussher is a philosopher rather than a poet, so his essay on Shaw, the new dealer of ideas, with its acute analysis of the plays, is most sympathetic. It is with Joyce, the playboy of the western word, that he shows impatience. "I can do anything with language," declared Joyce; —"a vaunt more worthy of a juggler or a fleatrainer," says Mr. Ussher, "than of a creative genius." Joyce, like Shaw, he adds, did not love words. This is outrageous. The faculty of standing words and ideas on their heads—by means of pun, epigram, Irish bull, or what-have-you—is a singularly Irish one, and one which Mr. Ussher freely avails himself of. But it is never, to a creative writer, a matter of verbal juggling; it is a serious pursuit of truth, an imaginative attempt to break up the too-too-solid ground of consciousness by the eruption of the subconscious. Truth lives in the cracks—and in the wisecracks—of speech. "In *risu* veritas," said Joyce, "Not 'in vino veritas'."

Mr. Ussher understandingly rebukes Shaw for his worship of the superman, Yeats for his idolisation of the leader and hero. But Irish society is hieratic, and the liking for leadership is inseparable from the Irishman's urge for rebellion. Even Joyce had his hero-worship; the Irish tenor Sullivan, was to him "the heroic tenor," and Mr. Kingsley Martin may recall the heroic efforts Joyce made, in an article in the NEW STATESMAN, to persuade the world of Sullivan's genius.

But, alas, there are so many characteristic Irish features in Shaw, Yeats and Joyce, which Mr. Ussher might have more fully restored; so many exiled bones which he could yet agreeably and lightly gather into a national body.

"If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton you might as well make it dance," said Shaw; no Irishman can resist the dance of death. "Cardio-sclerotic, cardio-sclerotic," said the sick man Yeats, rolling the dread words on his tongue—"Do you know, I would rather be called 'cardio-sclerotic' than 'Lord of Lower Egypt'." "Asses to asses," joked George Moore's brother, as the ashes of the novelist were rowed across the Mayo lake to their resting-place. "Plenty of fun—," cried Joyce, as he left Paris on his last sad journey, "—at Finnegans Wake," answered his farewelling friend, finishing the catchphrase. How delighted these great Irishmen would have been if they had lived to hear the story about the American who offered the attendant at the crematorium twenty guineas for one spoonful of Shaw's ashes.

W. R. RODGERS

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## ABOUT BURMA

**Golden Earth.** By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Books of travel come raining down like some fire visitation from on high. Most of them are jolly, breezy records of journeys so clearly unnecessary as to make the groaning reviewer believe they were undertaken solely to plague him. Yet every now and again, such is the mercy of heaven, he strikes metal of another sort: even at page one a gleam of hope comes into the dull, fishy eye: and soon he is contentedly making notes and reading phrases aloud, all previous sorrow forgiven.

*Golden Earth*, a picture of Burma, is one such kindly light in the prevailing darkness. It is not a specialist's book: the reader may find enormous pleasure here without knowing the country or even feeling any particular interest in it. It is likely, indeed, that Old Burma Hands will shake their heads over it in their fretful, possessive way; and a beautiful thumbnail sketch of one of them on page 66 shows the author alive to this peril. Men who have spent twenty years or so pottering about in a country, staring with dead eyes at the life around them, will never believe that an educated observer can reach juster conclusions than theirs in the space of a few months; and all they have failed to notice themselves, they dismiss as invention.

Thanks to a competent censorship and the fact that foreign journalists report on Burma from Rangoon, Mr. Lewis had planned his itinerary in happy ignorance of local conditions. He had dreamed of a leisurely tour in nineteenth-century style from Manipur to the far south, only to learn that what with Communist guerillas and P.V.O.s and dacoits he would have to start from the capital itself and argue his way about the country as best he could. The route that he finally took included Mergui and Moulmein in the south and northward reached to the borders of China, passing through Mandalay, Lashio, Bhamo and Katha, with no more disagreeable event than a spell of protective custody.

In spite of the turmoil in so many areas, and the pains of a young state adjusting itself to independence, Burma as portrayed in this book is strangely inviting. The sweetness joined with indifference that makes any Buddhist land so restful is heightened here by the charming characteristics of the people themselves. Miserliness in their eyes is a deadly sin, equal to fratricide, and they spare no effort to avoid it; the people of Mergui were reduced to penury after laying out sixty-five thousand pounds on a binge that continued for seventeen days. Intensely devout, they are nevertheless kind to foreign heretics, hoping they will reach enlightenment in another incarnation; and they are human enough to find little ways round their own doctrines, as in the matter of fish, which can be eaten provided it was not killed by a hook but simply, and regrettably, met its death through being withdrawn from the water.

Mr. Lewis is unusually well-equipped for his task. He possesses not only the keen perceptive eye which any writer of travel books must have but a capacity for seeing things in the round, a full, reflective mind and a sensibility which is never paraded but which reveals itself in all he says. So many writers would have let themselves go in a purple flourish over the Franciscan leper asylum: so few would have sensed the inhumanity behind the Sisters' smiling devotion or so delicately touched it in. In the women's section of the Rangoon gaol, he finds their babies at play with toys made for them in the prison workshop; and notes the shade of embarrassment in the Director's voice, the fear lest the European should despise this toleration, as he explains that it is only allowed for the babies' sake.

Mr. Lewis has a delightful sense of humour too, and a swift appreciation of the engagingly dotty. On meeting the Princess Ma Lat in Maymyo, he mentioned a recent visit to her cousins in Mandalay and described how the servants crawled into their presence on hands and knees: "Ma Lat nodded with approval, and said that she could remember the time when hers did the same, but there—you knew what servants were nowadays." On another occasion he stays in a household in Lashio whose revered and pious head treats them all to Buddhist homilies and exhortations by the hour until his eldest son, exasperated, reveals that the bout of religious fervour has been brought on by recent, and enormous, losses at gambling.

There are excellent descriptive passages; and the work is solidified, not padded, by excursions into Burmese history. Eighteen handsome photographs, taken by the author, provide the crowning touch to a book so enjoyable that one might, if all else failed, even go out and buy it.

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## OLD TSARISTS WRIT LARGE

**Russia and her Colonies.** By WALTER KOLARZ. *George Philip.* 25*s.*

**West and East of Tito.** By HARRY HODGKINSON. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Palmerston once said that to understand a country's foreign policy it was necessary to look at its internal condition. The least known aspect of the domestic affairs of the Soviet Union and the one that casts the most light on its relations with other States is the treatment of non-Russian nationalities in the U.S.S.R.

The Bolsheviks inherited an Empire in which the Great Russians were the ruling nation or, rather, the nation to which the ruling class and the dynasty belonged, and that totalled three-fifths of the whole, while the remaining two-fifths were composed of forty-five different nationalities. (The theoretical total is 180 peoples, but the lower figure corresponds to cultural or geographical units of any political importance. There are, however, newspapers in eighty languages in the Soviet Union.) In numbers these nationalities range from the Ukrainians or Little Russians, numbering some forty millions, to Central Asian peoples of a few thousands, and in levels of civilisation from the East European Lutheran Letts and Estonians to Mohammedan, Buddhist and pagan nomad tribes in Asiatic Russia and Siberia. These Asiatic peoples could be compared in some cases to the North American Indian tribes at the time of the colonisation of America, in other cases to the ancient civilisations of Persia and India. Tsarist Russia, in colonising these territories, preserved their antique social forms and propped up their old ruling classes, rather as the British rule preserved the rajahs in the Native States in India.

The Bolshevik Revolution set out to liberate all these peoples from Tsarist bureaucracy and tyranny, give them equality of status and full freedom to develop their national cultures and conduct their own affairs. At the same time it aimed at overthrowing the old order and establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat through the Communist Party, at educating primitive peoples and at economic development and industrialisation of their territories. To these aims was added the need to resist and root out foreign intervention.

Mr. Walter Kolarz has patiently amassed and skilfully sifted and presented a wealth of material, almost all from Soviet sources, on the development of Soviet nationalities policy from the Revolution until today. His account is all the more effective because he generally lets the facts speak for themselves. The picture that emerges is one of a process largely unconscious and inevitable, fraught with tragic irony, by which the brave new world desired by the Bolshevik revolutionaries of a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics all equal and all free changed into something not unlike the pattern of the old Empire: industrialisation and economic development were undertaken as part of the all-Union Five Year Plans. They meant the influx of Russian technicians and workers, since the small backward nationalities had none of their own and could not train them in sufficient quantities within a few years. The Plans took little heed of local interests. Economic integration meant a considerable measure of Russification and subjection to the central authorities at Moscow. The ambitious programmes of education, too, revealed the impossibility of turning out textbooks or training teachers in the languages of the more primitive peoples, and so a further measure of Russification. There were very few "native" Party members. The key Party positions in the various Republics were held by Russian Communists. Freedom for national development often meant the revival of feudal or tribal ideas that were anti-Russian, reactionary, fanatical and incompatible with the Revolution. The crushing of these forms of national expression brought a further tightening of central control. Finally, the Nazi and Japanese political warfare and intrigues in the Thirties fastened on discontented national minorities and groups, and thus gave at least a good excuse for treating "nationalist deviationists" as spies and traitors. Everywhere, even in the Ukraine, White Russia and the Baltic States, local federations were broken up—each "Republic" must be tied directly to Moscow and have relations with its neighbours only through the all-Soviet bureaucracy and Party leadership.

About 1937 the decision was taken to meet the growing danger from the anti-Communist Axis not, as originally proposed (by Kirov and Gorky) by a broadening and democratisation of the regime, but by tightening up and exacerbating the police State and all forms of centralism and authority. The appeal was more and more to national, patriotic and traditional methods, emphasising the leading role of the Great Russians.

Mr. Kolarz concludes by casting a glance at the repetition of this pattern in Russia's relations with her East European neighbours after the war. This is the theme of Mr. Harry Hodgkinson's book *West and East of Tito*. His analysis of the causes and consequences of the Yugoslav revolt reveals how the pattern of the Soviet regime's treatment of the nationalities in the U.S.S.R. has been extended to cover the Soviet Government's relations with the Cominform States.

Ten years after the decision was taken, after a period of hesitation, to meet the danger of foreign intervention and aggression within the Soviet Union by a tightening of the regime, the same danger reappeared in world affairs and was met, again after a period of hesitation, by the same methods in the "satellite" States. It was this that bred the Yugoslav revolt, the importance of which in world affairs is closely analysed by Mr. Hodgkinson. The main practical effect of Titoism, he points out:

> would be to divorce Soviet military and economic power from the Bolshevik Party's control of world Communism. . . . It tends from within to precisely that division which the Western cold war aims to achieve from without. The West does not seriously fear Russia if organised working-class movements no longer look to her as their spiritual

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home; nor does the West as yet seriously fear Communism if it advances from country to country in a nationalist framework unsupported by the military and diplomatic might of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Hodgkinson warns against the danger of anti-Communism as an ideology and of allowing Western political and military mobilisation to pass from defence into becoming a "retributive weapon to back up some crude anti-Communist ultimatum to the Soviet Union." This reads today like a warning against the foreign policy programme of an anti-Communist crusade to liberate "captive" countries adopted by the Republican Party in the U.S.A. and being expounded by General Eisenhower with a lack of discretion that has caused well-bred and delicately expressed alarm and despondency even in the leader columns of *The Times*.

K. ZILLIACUS

## NEW NOVELS

**Prisoner of Grace.** By JOYCE CARY. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**A Giant's Strength.** By ALEX COMFORT. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Loving Brothers.** By LOUIS GOLDING. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

**All that Swagger.** By MILES FRANKLIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Tom Tallion.** By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As a contemporary religious novelist, Mr. Cary is to Protestantism approximately what Mr. Graham Greene is to Roman Catholicism; and the opposite approaches of these two eminent lay theologians to the relationships of God and man are clearly related to (though, no doubt, they are not wholly explained by) their difference of religion. Mr. Greene is out to do more than Milton could do to justify God's ways to man; his characters are in a state of guilt—they sin, and the workings-out of his plots assume the inevitability and authority of divine retribution. Mr. Cary, and he could not otherwise be so thumpingly cheerful and *Angst*-free, is interested not in guilt but in grace; his subject is the justification of man's ways to God. He uses the term "grace" in an unusual but perfectly valid sense: it is a compromise, to which his narrator-heroine constantly aspires, between desire and duty, between unavoidable sin and impossible virtue; it is a state in which she hopes she keeps, by-passing repentance (because, after all, she is doing her best), always just within reach of divine forgiveness. She is a "prisoner" of it, because she can never be quite as kind to herself or others as she would wish; but she gets away with a good deal.

From early childhood the orphan Nina sleeps, innocently at first, with her masterful cousin Jim. She doesn't become pregnant till she is eighteen and her Aunt Latter makes a dishonest woman of her by marrying her to Chester Nimmo, a local radical evangelist, who needs her money, class and culpability. "Met again, my lass, said I", Mr. Cary might have remarked, when he came upon his plot; it concerns the Edwardian political scene, the rise of an imaginary politician to cabinet rank, his idealistic treachery and prayerful hypocrisy, the miseries and splendours of the marriage bed; and Mr. Cary gave us most of this, with so much more, in *To Be a Pilgrim*. He is, however old his plots, always new in the speed and life of his narrative, the virtuosity of his hand-made prose, the unpredictable reality of his characters: a woman narrator has rarely been made so convincing and sympathetic by a male novelist. But towards the end Chester's tricks, Nina's adulteries and submissions, become wearisome; and Mr. Cary tries to bring in new tension and unexpectedness with situations whose preposterousness could only have been made structural to the novel if the novel had been comic. There is little that is interesting in the last third of *Prisoner of Grace*, except the sight of the author fighting and losing with consummate art against the overwhelming odds of his self-imposed absurdity.

Dr. Comfort is a poet, a scientist and a propagandist; in *A Giant's Strength* he has for the first time succeeded in harnessing two of his three disciplines—so opposite, yet so parallel—to the equally severe discipline of novel-writing. His hero is a German mathematician who has become, as he puts it, "indispensable to the pig-faces." He has escaped from the Nazis via the Americans to the Russians, and we meet him escaping again, shooting the pilot of his aeroplane and crash-landing in a mountain desert near the Persian frontier. Every detail in this terrible landscape is given unifying significance by a most impressive deployment of science and poetry. Hedler, so long as he is alone in a desert which he seems to have created for his own defeat, dominates the novel. But then, in an equally remarkable phase of the story, we see the charming and intelligent policeman who is tracking him, the delightful scientists of the expedition that is approaching unawares his place of torment; there is never a glimpse of a "pig-face"; and Hedler becomes an insignificant little man, ungracious and inarticulate, making his way at last over a frontier which one no longer believes he deserves to cross.

*A Giant's Strength* is an exciting, accomplished novel, full of truths and truth—the truths of applied science and applied poetry, and the overriding truth of a tense and organic work of art. But propaganda, even when exercised, as here, in a very probably just cause, cannot be true. I couldn't help feeling that a murderer makes a deplorable representative of pacifist neutralist man; that any decent citizen, let alone the believing Communist Shemirin, would have and should have turned Hedler in; and that neutralists, if there were enough of them, and each felt himself entitled to one kill, would be as serious a menace to humanity as all the pig-faces.

A revaluation of modern best-selling novelists might well turn out to be, for some of them, a rehabilitation; Miss Margaret Kennedy, for instance, has always seemed to me to be among our most intelligent, original and moving women novelists. The very word best-seller has become a term of abuse, and it might be more accurate to call Mr. Louis Golding a professional. *The Loving Brothers* is the story, set in Oxford and Camden Town, of a don's daughter and a pathetic young burglar. It has craftsmanship, gusto and narrative ease which make it, by any standards that can fairly be applied to contemporary fiction, a more than averagely good novel.

Miss Miles Franklin's *All That Swagger* first appeared in 1936 in Australia, and well deserves this first English reprint. It is the long and lively chronicle of an Australian family from the 1830s to the early air-age, ill-written with a sincerity and energy that often turns up something good; it is full of authentic observation of social change, and unites a sense of the past with a faith that the world is still pioneering. The Great Australian Novel has not been reached yet; but here is a landmark on the way.

E. H. W. Meyerstein was a writer and scholar of under-recognised minor talent. His version *Bateau Ivre* in Latin hexameters is a remarkable *tour de force*. His novels depended, for what little public they had, less on critics than on a kind of grape-vine joining actual with potential admirers; and he died just as this new novel seemed likely to bring him the wider praise and purchase he had long deserved. *Tom Tallion* describes the early youth of a bookseller's son with an artistic vocation. He is surrounded by fantastic aunts, girls, colonels and murderesses, so numerous that one deliciously loses track; most of his acquaintances are blessed with surnames that are puns or begetters of puns; and nearly all, including the family cat, are doomed to sudden death. In our time, when genuine eccentricity in the novel is lamentably rare, this Gothic folly of a book has a more than antiquarian value.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

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Cary
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

## NO HIDING PLACE O'ER HERE

**No Green Pastures—The Negro in Europe Today.** By ROI OTTLEY. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Except for the carefree Negro American exclusively covering the tourist haunts and breezing through hotels that welcome dollar travellers, there is no hiding place in Europe for the person with a dark skin. This fact emerges quite clearly from the mass and variety of country-by-country evidence amassed by Mr. Ottley who, like myself, has looked at Europe through the eyes of a Negro who has lived in Harlem and has ridden on segregated buses and trains in the Southern States. Mr. Ottley quotes a black Britisher as saying, "John Bull keeps a tight rope around the Negro's belly"; points to the decline under Hitler of Germany's liberal attitude toward Negroes; demonstrates that "Italy is today juicing in the racial residue left by Americans;" cites the willingness of the French to accommodate themselves to Anglo-Saxon prejudice whenever profitable (with dishonest apologies to Negroes that "M'sieur regrets"); and his researches and personal experiences leave no doubt about the sizeable racist mote in the European's eye.

In view of the Negro American's human and understandable reluctance to discuss (or even admit to himself) his ingrained inhibitions and fears—"being a Negro is a state of mind"—I was particularly glad to find that Mr. Ottley, throughout the book, has written honestly about his own reactions in Europe. When he arrived by air in Milan as a war correspondent a few hours before any Allied troops had entered the city, a suddenly advancing mob froze him in his tracks.

> In retrospect, it gave me new meanings to the cultured brutality the Negro endures in the U.S. . . . If to everyone bread connotes butter; to a Negro a white mob connotes lynching . . . These wildly excited people were of course not seeking to lynch a Negro. They were Partisans carrying out the grim task of rounding up Fascists.

But the severest indictment in the book revolves around those sections which reveal the resolute export by many white Americans of their colour prejudices and their violent behaviour toward Negroes who step across the "colour line"; attacks by white Southerners on Negro soldiers in nearly every English city and in other countries during the war; arrests by U.S. Military Police of Italian girls as "prostitutes" for having Negro sweethearts and of Negro soldiers for "rape"; the formal instructions by a Civil Intelligence Corps officer to representative townspeople in Teisendorf, Germany: "I warn you the women are not to associate with Negroes"; the protest by white Americans against Marian Anderson's stay in the U.S. Army-run Hotel Excelsior in Munich. Mr. Ottley takes us back to the early Thirties when Hitler sent a mission to the U.S. to study the details of racial segregation "to enable him more efficiently to discriminate against Jews."

While there certainly are sophisticated elements in our State Department and idealistic pamphleteers in the British Labour Party who recognise the urgent political need to yield to Negroes their constitutional rights and to dissolve political imperialism, such voices are a distinct and largely ignored minority. And so, as always in history, the task of liberation falls back on the oppressed peoples themselves—in the States, in London's East End, and in Tunisia: the task of "restraining the oppressor from proceeding with the oppression." In all these places, freedom and equality will be taken by powerful political movements, and not bestowed by those who profit, directly or indirectly, from today's inequalities. This much, and more, is clear from the pages of *No Green Pastures*.

WILLIAM WORTHY

## THE FORTY-FIVE

**The Quest Forlorn.** By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

If you pass the gates of Traquair House, in Peeblesshire, you will see that they are closed; they are never to be opened until a Stuart King drives through them. For, if partly as an affectation, yet partly also as a genuine memory of a memory, the Forty-Five even now lingers on, and in reading Mr. Hartmann's new account of it, it is interesting to speculate upon the reasons.

But first let us note some impressions made by re-reading the familiar story. For Mr. Hartmann's story, which is sensibly and plainly told, is the familiar one; he has used no new sources, but has woven secondary sources into a slightly new pattern, in which the part played by the Royal Navy gains a new prominence. As the author rightly says, it is curious that in this country few general historians pay much attention to naval history. First impression: the soundness of Mr. Hartmann's thesis that the Rising could not have succeeded. It depended too much upon French aid being given upon a really significant scale, and the British fleet-in-being was sufficient to discourage such ambitions, in any case very restrained, as Louis XV may have nursed about placing the Chevalier de St. George upon the throne of Britain. In fact Admiral Vernon, in making adequate dispositions for a Channel engagement which never took place, and the Navy generally in its alertness and pugnacity towards gun-runners, did more than Cumberland to beat the Rebellion.

Second impression: the great importance of Prince Charles Edward's leadership. But for his bold initiative, the Rising would never have begun; but for his drive and his unwavering determination it would never have achieved its success. Tough, fearless, imperious and determined, yet in the last resort reasonable, able to inspire his troops alike in victory and defeat, the Prince was an almost ideal military leader. As a political leader also he had important assets: magnanimity and imagination being the chief. He lacked patience and sagacity, but if he had possessed either the one or the other he would never have set foot in Scotland.

Third impression: Charles Edward is not to be blamed for landing in Scotland and initiating the Rising as and when he did. It is true that the political intelligence he received was very bad, and he overestimated the support he might expect to receive, but his idea always was that he could start a chain-reaction, and—

> He either fears his fate too much
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all.

In fact, although it did not reach the critical stage, as he believed it would, Charles Edward *did* start a chain-reaction; although there was an initial hesitation:

> It may have been at this black hour that the dramatic incident occurred when the Prince in desperation turned to a young Highlander, one of Kinlochmoidart's brothers, and cried: "Will you not assist me?" The boy's stirring reply: "I will, I will, though no other man in Scotland should draw his sword, I am ready to die for you," is supposed to have dissolved both Clanranald's doubts and those of the Prince's original companions who had been so discouraged by the news from Skye that even they were counselling an immediate return to France.

How did he do this? What led these men, including professional soldiers and experienced men of affairs, to risk everything they had upon a venture which they well knew to be a desperate one? "My life, my fortune," wrote Lord George Murray, "my expectations, the happiness of my wife and children, are all at stake (and the chances are against me) and yet a principle of what seems to me honour and duty to my King and Country outweighs everything." Lord George spoke for himself, a brave man and a fine general, yet with something thrawn in him too, something disapproving and rationalising and respectable that would have made him, as Keppoch or Balmerino would not have been, at home in nineteenth-century Scotland. And the Forty-Five is not explicable in any terms that would have been comprehensible to nineteenth-century Scotland. It was irrational, an outbreak of passion and violence from the national sub-conscious. And for Scotsmen, post-Forty-Five Jacobitism was not really sentimental but propitiatory, a gesture towards the irrational and wicked desires which so greatly trouble a people much oppressed by a kind of kirk-session known as the super-ego.

J. D. SCOTT

## LIMITED DISTRACTIONS

**A History of Board-Games.** By H. J. R MURRAY. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Board-games seem to have been a life-long preoccupation of Mr. Murray's. In 1898, he invented his own version of board Leap-frog. Fifteen years after that he published his great *History of Chess*, tracing the complicated evolution of the modern game from its ancestor in the seventh-century, the Indian *chaturanga*, and giving as well in the eight hundred pages an exhaustive, scholarly *approfondissement* of the whole subject. Now in a slimmer, but no less rigorous, complementary volume he has produced a complete history and rules of all the remaining board-games.

Chess, as one might have expected, emerges as a comparative late-comer. Games played on boards were a feature of the early civilisation of Egypt and Babylonia; the same or similar games were played in Palestine and Assyria, and in Cyprus and Crete in the second millennium B.C. Board-games are, indeed, among the oldest and most persistent elements in cultural history, all the basic games having wide, scattered and unpredictable diffusion, innumerable local variants and tremendous popular vitality. How is one to explain this universal sedentary game-impulse? Is it merely a minor diversion of the main civilising drive which Huizinga, in *Homo Ludens*, viewed under the aspect of play? The attraction, the fascination, seems to me to be simply release. A good board-game, like a good detective story, offers an almost total release from the unfathomable coil of self. One enters a

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ANTHONY CURTIS

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The emphasis is on Byron—and Professor Cline is right, odd though it may seem, when he says that the full-scale life of Byron has not yet been written. The figure who emerges freshly is John Taaffe. An Irishman of good family, exiled in Europe (an episode with a married woman lay behind it), ambitious to shine as poet and scholar, poor Taaffe was a minnow among Tritons; but his movements are diverting to watch. His poetry was shocking—we are given one disastrous specimen which Mary Shelley was very rude about. His comment on the Divine Comedy was a failure: Byron bullied Murray into publishing one volume and that only landed Taaffe with a bill for £50. And discretion was his better part of valour. This was conspicuous in the dragoon affair. It was he whom the dragoon shouldered out of the way as the English party came riding back to Pisa one afternoon—which led to the chase, the tumult and the prolonged and exasperating consequences. It all seems comic enough, and Professor Cline's new letters add to the comedy, with their story of how Taaffe ("False Taaffe" Jane Williams called him) tried to disclaim knowledge and responsibility and only embroiled himself with Byron and Dawkins, the Secretary of Legation in Florence (who must have wearied of them all). Yet the affair had its importance. It was used as an argument for the expulsion of the Gambas (and this meant in effect Byron) from Tuscan territory. And new documents from Florence and Lucca do show that Byron was right in thinking that he was being aimed at through the Gambas. The authorities found him an uncomfortable person—"a most dangerous individual, not only on account of his fiery nature but also on account of his talents and his resources"—and showed considerable ingenuity in provoking him to move on without resorting to direct measures.

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exiles. Miss Edgeworth (and Ruskin) can be tourists in Geneva, for they have homes to go back to: and that defines a tourist. And Miss Edgeworth's connections with the Pichet brothers and Etienne Dumont record a real international society, born of the Enlightenment, scientific, philosophic, reformist, and alive throughout the nineteenth century. For Shelley Italy is a landscape, an Emilia Viviani, another impulse to an abstract Liberty, never a society and a culture. Nor was it to Byron, in spite of the Carbonari and his beachcombing adventures in Venice and Ravenna. To both Pisa (or Geneva) was an accident. In one of these new letters Byron claims to be a citizen of the world. He deceived himself: he was a citizen of his own fictions; and he lived, finally, when action could take the shape of fiction.

D. J. GORDON

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Siamese Harem Life.** By ANNA H. LEONOWENS. *Barker*. 21*s*.

This is a reprint of *The Romance of the Harem*, the companion volume to *The English Governess at the Siamese Court*, originally published at Boston in 1872. It was from these two rare and almost forgotten books that Margaret Landon compiled her best-seller *Anna and the King of Siam*, by freely paraphrasing Mrs. Leonowens's somewhat stilted prose, cutting out the Victorian piety, and adding large chunks of local colour with the help of her own lively imagination. How much Mrs. Landon improved upon Mrs. Leonowens is obvious, now that we have the original text before us. But it is fairly safe to say that Mrs. Leonowens in her turn must have furbished up her

memories of the Siamese Court before committing them to print, for they read far more like fiction than fact. A fairy story atmosphere envelops all the experiences she purports to describe, with the authoress herself in the role of good Christian fairy for ever wrestling with the wicked habits of the heathen. She had been engaged by King Mongkut in 1862, as tutor to himself and his children, on condition that she made no attempt to convert them to Christianity under cover of teaching them English. But Mrs. Leonowens was not to be thwarted in her evangelical mission. Being barred from a direct attack on the Buddhist religion, she preached against the immoral practices it condoned, and particularly against the abominable institution of slavery, to considerable effect. One of her royal pupils became so infected with enthusiasm that she changed her own name to "Harriet Beecher Stowe"; while another, Prince Chulalonkorn, abolished slavery within his dominions, as soon as he ascended the throne of Siam.

As Miss Freya Stark points out in a short introduction to the book, Mrs. Leonowens was the mild, Victorian type of woman, who was capable of extraordinary fortitude in any predicament. Amid the wives and concubines of an oriental despot she preserved her rigid standard of monogamy. The stories of the harem which she recalls all point a

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essay Mr. Whiffen moves warily, falls into one or two traps, avoids others and—which is important—conveys his own lively appreciation of a shrouded and tantalising phase of English buildings.

**The World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music.** By F. F. CLOUGH and G. J. CUMMING. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* £5 5*s.*

For some years it was common knowledge in the gramophone world that a new planet was about to appear in the sky on a certain date. Work was put aside, telescopes were trained, ball-pens refilled in readiness to note unusual phenomena. In due course the planet swung into view; and now here it stands, unobscured by clouds, the cynosure of our eyes, an almost inexhaustible field for curiosity. If the W.E.R.M. is above all a work of anxious and minute scholarship, and as such primarily a book of reference for discophiles, it is no less certainly a source of peculiar interest to musicians in general, for it enables them to discover, with approximate accuracy, the degree of popularity of any particular piece of music, both with executants and with the public. The book covers the period 1925 to June, 1951, and includes all electric recordings of "permanent" music made in any country, as well as a certain number of pre-electric records of outstanding importance. Inevitably, the system of reference is somewhat complicated; but, once the reader has memorised the various hieroglyphics, he will find the layout clearly intelligible. It should be added that, while the book abstains from any kind of commentary, the authors have been at great pains to clear up the innumerable muddles that have arisen from incorrect, vague or inconsistent labelling—a still unfailing cause of headaches to the musical person with a taste for accurate knowledge.

The book aims at being to all intents and purposes complete, but the authors have—perhaps wisely—"exercised discretion in curtailing slightly the most heavily-recorded operatic arias, piano pieces, and the like." Thus, the reader who turns to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will find twenty-four entries concluding with "etc.," which presumably stands for fragmentary recordings, arrangements for small orchestra, and other hole-and-corner issues of no interest or importance.

Controversy will no doubt be rife on the question of what constitutes "permanent" music. Wherever they had drawn the line, Messrs. Clough and Cumming would have found themselves shot at by somebody. On the whole, however, their line shows good musicianship, as well as good sense, though amateurs of the voice will certainly object to the exclusion of Tosti, and a wider variety of people to the omission of Paer. These are only two examples; but in a book of this scope errors and omissions are inevitable and can always be repaired in future editions, of which in this case there are sure to be many.

**Fifty-Five Short Stories from the "New Yorker"** (1940—1950). *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The opening story in this book tells of a sinister radio set which picks up the private conversations of its owners' neighbours in their homes. Behind those unrevealing walls, the listeners find, lies a clatter of hate, disharmony, deceit. *The Enormous Radio* might be taken as an image of the contemporary short story itself; for here the reader is not, as in the novel, an invited guest, but an eavesdropper in the bus, a passer by the open window. Without being warned of its impact he sees the episode, but can do no more than guess at its prelude or at what comes after. This, then, is not only a collection of America's best and most representative short stories of the past ten years, but a sharp impression or series of impressions of a society. It is not a comfortable picture; the keen eye of the short-story writer comes too near to its subject for that. The main themes are two (sometimes linked): the domestic scene; the War and after. The first is perhaps the more dismaying, with its dreary marriages, its vulgar, visionless predatory couples, its bored and brutish children, already in miniature the adults they are doomed to become. This pervasive macabre remains even when the scene is shifted; to a wayside station, for instance, where Negro soldiers, refused food at a lunch room, watch Nazi prisoners being handsomely served; it is in the humour, too (Thurber, Bemelmans), stories which have the air of being *New Yorker* cartoons set out in prose.

Yet, as in life, a little light does break in; there is charm in *A Winter in the Country*, in the account of boys called *The Bumners*, and of the un-American children in *Yonder Peasant, Who Is He?* J. D. Salinger and John Collier are among those who tell their tales superbly. And there are several entirely original plots: *Monsoon*, by Jerome Weidman, *Content with the Station*, by John Andrew Rice, and, of course, *The Lottery* (by Shirley Jackson)—probably the best short story that the *New Yorker* has ever printed and, therefore, it may very well be, the best American story of the last quarter-century.

**The Dead Sea Scrolls.** By A. DUPONT-SOMMER. Trans. E. MARGARET ROWLEY. *Blackwell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A bedouin tribesman searching for a lost sheep in the wilderness north of the Dead Sea crawled through a rocky opening and found himself in a cave where a number of tall cylindrical jars were standing on the floor. Inside the jars were long rolls of leather, and on the rolls column after column of ancient Hebrew script. This was in 1947, when the scrolls had been waiting there for nearly nineteen hundred years and the ink on them had been dry for over two thousand. They had been concealed in troublous times, probably during the Jewish war of A.D. 66-70, and soon after they were brought out from their long burial, men were fighting again. The Arab-Jewish war was partly to blame for the considerable delay in the announcement of the discovery and for the fact that some of the scrolls are now in America, others in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, while some documents are believed still to be missing.

The study of the texts is incomplete and there are authorities who disagree with Professor Dupont-


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The emphasis is on Byron—and Professor Cline is right, odd though it may seem, when he says that the full-scale life of Byron has not yet been written. The figure who emerges freshly is John Taaffe. An Irishman of good family, exiled in Europe (an episode with a married woman lay behind it), ambitious to shine as poet and scholar, poor Taaffe was a minnow among Tritons; but his movements are diverting to watch. His poetry was shocking—we are given one disastrous specimen which Mary Shelley was very rude about. His comment on the Divine Comedy was a failure: Byron bullied Murray into publishing one volume and that only landed Taaffe with a bill for £50. And discretion was his better part of valour. This was conspicuous in the dragoon affair. It was he whom the dragoon shouldered out of the way as the English party came riding back to Pisa one afternoon—which led to the chase, the tumult and the prolonged and exasperating consequences. It all seems comic enough, and Professor Cline's new letters add to the comedy, with their story of how Taaffe ("False Taaffe" Jane Williams called him) tried to disclaim knowledge and responsibility and only embroiled himself with Byron and Dawkins, the Secretary of Legation in Florence (who must have wearied of them all). Yet the affair had its importance. It was used as an argument for the expulsion of the Gambas (and this meant in effect Byron) from Tuscan territory. And new documents from Florence and Lucca do show that Byron was right in thinking that he was being aimed at through the Gambas. The authorities found him an uncomfortable person—"a most dangerous individual, not only on account of his fiery nature but also on account of his talents and his resources"—and showed considerable ingenuity in provoking him to move on without resorting to direct measures.

Professor Häusermann has not had such good luck with the English in Geneva. He finds the house Shelley stayed in and heavily annotates a letter from Shelley to Medwin (written in Pisa); he fills a gap in the life of Francis Danby and shows us Ruskin suffering from the weather at Mornex and corresponding with the Genevese Dr. Gosse about his health and finding information about prisons for him; George Meredith writes in *The Tragic Comedians* about the Lassalle story which happened in Geneva; Conrad pays the visits of an invalid and sets *Under Western Eyes* there. The most substantial chapter is the one which tells of Maria Edgeworth's dealings with the Genevese publishers of the *Bibliothèque Britannique* who were largely responsible for her European fame, and includes many new letters to Mrs. Marcet and Etienne Dumont (it is perhaps surprising that just here, where it is needed, the annotation fails us).

Conrad's exiles see Geneva as hostile or at best neutral and indifferent, a fit meeting-place for the lost. It is potent as an image; and this is a role more significant than that it plays in these other episodes—or than Pisa did for the romantic exiles. Miss Edgeworth (and Ruskin) can be tourists in Geneva, for they have homes to go back to: and that defines a tourist. And Miss Edgeworth's connections with the Pichet brothers and Etienne Dumont record a real international society, born of the Enlightenment, scientific, philosophic, reformist, and alive throughout the nineteenth century. For Shelley Italy is a landscape, an Emilia Viviani, another impulse to an abstract Liberty, never a society and a culture. Nor was it to Byron, in spite of the Carbonari and his beachcombing adventures in Venice and Ravenna. To both Pisa (or Geneva) was an accident. In one of these new letters Byron claims to be a citizen of the world. He deceived himself: he was a citizen of his own fictions; and he lived, finally, when action could take the shape of fiction.

D. J. GORDON

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Siamese Harem Life.** By ANNA H. LEONOWENS. *Barker*. 21*s*.

This is a reprint of *The Romance of the Harem*, the companion volume to *The English Governess at the Siamese Court*, originally published at Boston in 1872. It was from these two rare and almost forgotten books that Margaret Landon compiled her best-seller *Anna and the King of Siam*, by freely paraphrasing Mrs. Leonowens's somewhat stilted prose, cutting out the Victorian piety, and adding large chunks of local colour with the help of her own lively imagination. How much Mrs. Landon improved upon Mrs. Leonowens is obvious, now that we have the original text before us. But it is fairly safe to say that Mrs. Leonowens in her turn must have furbished up her

memories of the Siamese Court before committing them to print, for they read far more like fiction than fact. A fairy story atmosphere envelops all the experiences she purports to describe, with the authoress herself in the role of good Christian fairy for ever wrestling with the wicked habits of the heathen. She had been engaged by King Mongkut in 1862, as tutor to himself and his children, on condition that she made no attempt to convert them to Christianity under cover of teaching them English. But Mrs. Leonowens was not to be thwarted in her evangelical mission. Being barred from a direct attack on the Buddhist religion, she preached against the immoral practices it condoned, and particularly against the abominable institution of slavery, to considerable effect. One of her royal pupils became so infected with enthusiasm that she changed her own name to "Harriet Beecher Stowe"; while another, Prince Chulalonkorn, abolished slavery within his dominions, as soon as he ascended the throne of Siam.

As Miss Freya Stark points out in a short introduction to the book, Mrs. Leonowens was the mild, Victorian type of woman, who was capable of extraordinary fortitude in any predicament. Amid the wives and concubines of an oriental despot she preserved her rigid standard of monogamy. The stories of the harem which she recalls all point a simple moral, the superiority of virtue over vice and of true love over brutish sensuality. This austere attitude may disappoint readers who hoped for a little erotic spice from the title, but the publishers have done their best to atone by introducing some fancy illustrations.

**An Introduction to Elizabethan and Jacobean Architecture.** By MARCUS WHIFFEN. *Art & Technics.* 15*s.*

In grotesque contrast to the literature of the period, English architecture in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I has been deserted for half a century by scholars and critics alike. It has even been the fashion to decry it as the unique period in English architectural history which is not worth bothering about. To endorse such a sentiment within sight of Hardwick or Hatfield or in the gallery at Knole is difficult, nor will it readily be conceivable to readers of Mr. Whiffen's clearly written and excellently illustrated little book. Elizabethan architecture is not always very tidy; neither, as Mr. Whiffen points out, is a Shakespeare play. But this does not rule out the presence of emotion and invention. In his forty-page essay Mr. Whiffen moves warily, falls into one or two traps, avoids others and—which is important—conveys his own lively appreciation of a shrouded and tantalising phase of English buildings.

**The World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music.** By F. F. CLOUGH and G. J. CUMMING. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* £5 5*s.*

For some years it was common knowledge in the gramophone world that a new planet was about to appear in the sky on a certain date. Work was put aside, telescopes were trained, ball-pens refilled in readiness to note unusual phenomena. In due course the planet swung into view; and now here it stands, unobscured by clouds, the cynosure of our eyes, an almost inexhaustible field for curiosity. If the W.E.R.M. is above all a work of anxious and minute scholarship, and as such primarily a book of reference for discophiles, it is no less certainly a source of peculiar interest to musicians in general, for it enables them to discover, with approximate accuracy, the degree of popularity of any particular piece of music, both with executants and with the public. The book covers the period 1925 to June, 1951, and includes all electric recordings of "permanent" music made in any country, as well as a certain number of pre-electric records of outstanding importance. Inevitably, the system of reference is somewhat complicated; but, once the reader has memorised the various hieroglyphics, he will find the layout clearly intelligible. It should be added that, while the book abstains from any kind of commentary, the authors have been at great pains to clear up the innumerable muddles that have arisen from incorrect, vague or inconsistent labelling—a still unfailing cause of headaches to the musical person with a taste for accurate knowledge.

The book aims at being to all intents and purposes complete, but the authors have—perhaps wisely—"exercised discretion in curtailing slightly the most heavily-recorded operatic arias, piano pieces, and the like." Thus, the reader who turns to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will find twenty-four entries concluding with "etc.," which presumably stands for fragmentary recordings, arrangements for small orchestra, and other hole-and-corner issues of no interest or importance.

Controversy will no doubt be rife on the question of what constitutes "permanent" music. Wherever they had drawn the line, Messrs. Clough and Cumming would have found themselves shot at by somebody. On the whole, however, their line shows good musicianship, as well as good sense, though amateurs of the voice will certainly object to the exclusion of Tosti, and a wider variety of people to the omission of Paer. These are only two examples; but in a book of this scope errors and omissions are inevitable and can always be repaired in future editions, of which in this case there are sure to be many.

**Fifty-Five Short Stories from the "New Yorker"** (1940—1950). *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The opening story in this book tells of a sinister radio set which picks up the private conversations of its owners' neighbours in their homes. Behind those unrevealing walls, the listeners find, lies a clatter of hate, disharmony, deceit. *The Enormous Radio* might be taken as an image of the contemporary short story itself; for here the reader is not, as in the novel, an invited guest, but an eavesdropper in the bus, a passer by the open window. Without being warned of its impact he sees the episode, but can do no more than guess at its prelude or at what comes after. This, then, is not only a collection of America's best and most representative short stories of the past ten years, but a sharp impression or series of impressions of a society. It is not a comfortable picture; the keen eye of the short-story writer comes too near to its subject for that. The main themes are two (sometimes linked): the domestic scene; the War and after. The first is perhaps the more dismaying, with its dreary marriages, its vulgar, visionless predatory couples, its bored and brutish children, already in miniature the adults they are doomed to become. This pervasive macabre remains even when the scene is shifted; to a wayside station, for instance, where Negro soldiers, refused food at a lunch room, watch Nazi prisoners being handsomely served; it is in the humour, too (Thurber, Bemelmans), stories which have the air of being *New Yorker* cartoons set out in prose.

Yet, as in life, a little light does break in; there is charm in *A Winter in the Country*, in the account of boys called *The Bummers*, and of the un-American children in *Yonder Peasant, Who Is He?* J. D. Salinger and John Collier are among those who tell their tales superbly. And there are several entirely original plots: *Monsoon*, by Jerome Weidman, *Content with the Station*, by John Andrew Rice, and, of course, *The Lottery* (by Shirley Jackson)—probably the best short story that the *New Yorker* has ever printed and, therefore, it may very well be, the best American story of the last quarter-century.

**The Dead Sea Scrolls.** By A. DUPONT-SOMMER. Trans. E. MARGARET ROWLEY. *Blackwell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A bedouin tribesman searching for a lost sheep in the wilderness north of the Dead Sea crawled through a rocky opening and found himself in a cave where a number of tall cylindrical jars were standing on the floor. Inside the jars were long rolls of leather, and on the rolls column after column of ancient Hebrew script. This was in 1947, when the scrolls had been waiting there for nearly nineteen hundred years and the ink on them had been dry for over two thousand. They had been concealed in troublous times, probably during the Jewish war of A.D. 66-70, and soon after they were brought out from their long burial, men were fighting again. The Arab-Jewish war was partly to blame for the considerable delay in the announcement of the discovery and for the fact that some of the scrolls are now in America, others in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, while some documents are believed still to be missing.

The study of the texts is incomplete and there are authorities who disagree with Professor Dupont-


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Sommer on a number of points, but there can be no question of the exceptional importance of this find. Two scrolls provide scholars with what are by many centuries the oldest Hebrew texts of the book of Isaiah, while the Commentary on Habakkuk, the Rules and Psalm book of the Community of the New Covenant all throw light on an ascetic brotherhood which proves to be of quite extraordinary interest. Professor Dupont-Sommer identifies this sect with the Essenes, but what is new and startling is the revelation that its members claimed inspiration from a Master of Justice whose teaching and final suffering and death make it impossible not to recognise him as a Christ-figure—yet he was living a century before Jesus. Seldom has the written word enabled the past to speak more unexpectedly or dramatically to the present.

**Poems.** By NICHOLAS BRETON. Edited by JEAN ROBERTSON. *Liverpool University Press.* 30s.

Nicholas Breton had several poems in *Englands Helicon* in 1600. Two years earlier Meres put him with the "most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love." To the common quaffer of Elizabethan and Jacobean verse he is, in spite of this, pretty small beer: to the academic researcher, however, he represents a sustaining source amidst an ever-dwindling supply. For one thing, he wrote an enormous amount, in prose as well as verse, providing examples of an average talent working to all the typical patterns and moods; for another, he was the step-son of Gascoigne who influenced him. Bibliographically his works are rare, and, best of all, he has not been properly edited.

Not, that is, to any comprehensive extent, since Grosart's edition in 1879, and several pieces have turned up since then. Miss Robertson has in this book neatly tidied up the canon, written a bibliographical introduction and edited impeccably the texts of *The workes of a young wyt*, an early sequence, *Pasquils Mistresse*, a satire from a series, and some moralising poems, *Olde Mad-cappes new Gally-mawfrey*, *Honest Counsaile* and *The Uncasing of Machiuils Instructions*. Breton's moral tone may perhaps be caught from his fondness for composing poems against that legendary Elizabethan Machiavelli, of which the unsigned *Uncasing* here is Miss Robertson's certainly correct new addition to the canon.

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## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,179

**Set by Martin Jordan**

The usual prizes are offered for a chatty character-sketch, of a kind that might appear in a letter to a friend, of one of the following, after a close if temporary acquaintanceship had failed to reveal to the writer his subject's identity. Rambler in London (Jack the Ripper); Prowler in Casualty Wards (Salvador Dali); Passenger in Atlantic Clipper (Noel Coward); Nostalgic Sightseer in Gothic Castle (Orson Welles); Traveller from Paddington (Frank Buchman); Guest at Royal Garden Party (Godfrey Winn). Limit 200 words; entries by October 7.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,176

**Set by C. Urchin**

The usual prizes are offered for the best *Song of a Holiday Camp*. Limit 20 lines.

**Report by C. Urchin**

This was a very straightforward competition: either you liked holiday camps or you didn't, enjoyed or made fun, with a well-marked Betjemanly path down the middle. Possibly I am prejudiced, never having been in such a camp, but it didn't seem to me that the enjoyers quite made it: their chortles and flings had rather a put-on air. The parodists danced on firmer ground. Shakespeare songs (*Full fathom five* and *Come unto these yellow sands*) were popular, as were also *Come lasses and lads* and variants of

I must go down to the Camp again,
For the call of the Morning Guide
Is a loud call and a strong call
That will not be denied.

It was a close race over the sands with Chevy Evans, Stanley J. Sharpless and Lulu winning a dead heat, and Pat Bullen and Doris Brash only just behind.

The shore's not a bore any more, any more,
The shore's not a bore any more,
Gor blimey O'Reilly we have fun at Filey,
The shore's not a bore any more.

We don't feel so sore by the shore any more,
We don't feel so sore by the shore,
No extras are whacked on the week's bill at Clacton,
We don't feel so sore by the shore.

We don't ask for more by the shore any more,
We don't ask for more by the shore,
They fill every belly cram full at Pwllheli,
We don't ask for more by the shore.

You don't hear us snore by the shore any more,
You don't hear us snore by the shore,
We just effervesce day and night at Skegness,
You don't hear us snore by the shore.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Come unto these yellow sands
In Butlin hands:
Check your name in on the list
(What price the mist?)
Dip, then drill in open air:
Everyone must do his share.
Sea, sea!
Cling, clang,
The bell for tea:
Cling, clang.
Across the sands
The strains of distant bebop bands
Wail, oo-a-dooluo-yoo.

CHEVY EVANS

Lily was a lonely girl, she never knew romance
Until she said "Excuse me" at a get-together dance.
Her partner knew the thing to do, he'd been to camp before,
And now Lily of the Chalet isn't lonely any more.
*Chorus:* Cockneys, Knock-knees, everybody come,
Join the lads and lasses and make yourselves at home
Learn the way to do-si-do, and if you look alive
You'll one day be the winner of a Butlin beetle drive.

Tony was a timid boy, he'd never learned to swim,
Till one of our instructors put some stuffing into him.
Now Tony has his name in lights and makes the lasses swoon
In an aquacade with music called "The Waters of the Moon."
*Chorus:* Cockneys, Knock-knees,.etc.

LULU

## CHESS: Brilliancy Prize Number One

No. 156

We have come to take brilliancy prizes for granted in almost any chess tournament, but it is little known that they are a relatively recent innovation. It was in the New York tournament of 1876 that the first brilliancy prize ever was awarded to H. E. Bird for his game against Mason. It is certainly most worthy of that honour and not nearly as well remembered as it should be. It is a long game, truly in the grand manner; one might almost call it epic and it contains a Q-sacrifice (for R & Kt) which was altogether speculative, though we might prefer to call it positional. But let us see.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) P-K4 | P-K3 | (26) K-R2 | Kt-B5 |
| (2) P-Q4 | P-Q4 | (27) Q-B5! | Kt-K3 |
| (3) Kt-QB3 | Kt-KB3 | (28) Kt-Kt2 | Q-B2 |
| (4) P x P | P x P | (29) P-R5! | B x RP |
| (5) Kt-B3 | B-Q3 | (30) R x B | R-KB1! |
| (6) B-Q3 | O-O | (31) R-R6!! | R x Q |
| (7) O-O | P-KR3 | (32) P x R | Kt-Q1 |
| (8) R-K1 | Kt-B3 | (33) Kt-KB4 | Q-B1 |
| (9) Kt-QKt5 | B-QKt5 | (34) Kt(4)-Kt6 | R-K1 |
| (10) P-B3 | B-R4 | (35) Kt x P!? | Q-B2 ch? |
| (11) Kt-R3 | B-KKt5 | (36) Kt(B)-K5 | Q x P |
| (12) Kt-B2 | Q-Q2 | (37) R-K3! | Q-Q7 |
| (13) P-Kt4 | B-Kt3 | (38) K-Kt2 | Q x P |
| (14) P-KR3 | B-KR4 | (39) P-B6! | P x P |
| (15) Kt-K3 | KR-K1 | (40) R x BP | Kt-K3 |
| (16) P-Kt5 | Kt-K2 | (41) R-KKt3 | Kt-Kt4 |
| (17) P-Kt4 | B-Kt3 | (42) Kt-Kt4 | K-Kt2 |
| (18) Kt-K5 | Q-B1 | (43) Kt-B4! | Q-K5 ch |
| (19) P-QR4 | P-B3 | (44) K-R2 | Kt-R2 |
| (20) P x P | P x P | (45) Kt-R5 ch | K-R1 |
| (21) B-R3 | Kt-K5 | (46) R x P | Q-B7 |
| (22) Q-B2 | Kt-Kt4 | (47) Kt(5)-B6 | R-K2 |
| (23) B x Kt | R x B | (48) K-Kt2! | P-Q5 |
| (24) B x B | P x B | (49) Kt-K5! | Q-B1 |
| (25) Q x P | Kt x P ch | (50) Kt-Kt6 ch | resigns |

Black could have saved himself by (35) . . . Kt x Kt. (36) R x R ch, Q x R. (37) R x Kt, K-B2!, but otherwise he never had a chance in spite of his powerful defence. I have no space to go into the (fairly self-explanatory) intricacies of this awe-inspiring game; for I feel that after so much almost unbearably sustained tension we need some light relief in the shape of something very clear-cut and pleasantly scintillating. Here it is—Colle-O'Hanlon, Nice 1930—one of the innumerable brilliancy prize winners to follow Number One.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) P-Q4 | P-Q4 | (11) B x Kt | P x P? |
| (2) Kt-KB3 | Kt-KB3 | (12) B x P ch! | K x B |
| (3) P-K3 | P-B4 | (13) Kt-Kt5 ch | K-Kt3 |
| (4) P-B3 | P-K3 | (14) P-KR4 | R-R1 |
| (5) B-Q3 | B-Q3 | (15) R x P ch! | Kt-B3 |
| (6) QKt-Q2 | QKt-Q2 | (16) P-R5 ch! | K-R3 |
| (7) O-O | O-O | (17) R x B | Q-R4 |
| (8) R-K1 | R-K1 | (18) Kt x P ch | K-R2 |
| (9) P-K4 | P x KP | (19) Kt-Kt5 ch | K-Kt1 |
| (10) Kt x P | Kt x Kt | (20) Q-Kt3 ch | resigns |

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READERS of the "New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." (Quarterly.) This Journal, with Editorial Boards in more than 20 different countries (ranging from Australia to America, Sweden to China, Israel to Czechoslovakia, and Germany to Spain) provides the only really international medium for the exchange of news and views and the publication of original work on human relations in sex and marriage. The standing of the Journal may be gauged from its Editorial Board for the British Isles (Mr. Clifford Allen, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P.; Mr. Ambrose E. Appelbe, M.A., LL.B., Mr. Alec Craig, Professor F. A. E. Crew, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Dr. E. Elkan, M.D., L.R.C.P., and Mr Kenneth Walker, M.D., B.Ch., F.R.C.S., with Mr. Cyril Bibby, M.A., M.Sc., F.L.S., as Editor). Medical Practitioners, Lawyers, Teachers, Biologists, Social Workers, Clergymen and others interested are invited to send 6s. for a recent specimen copy, post free. Annual subscription £1 2s., post free. Write to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SWEET Corn: the Undergraduate's Guide to the Modern World. A book of essays, 171 pp. fully illustrated, on Americans, the Stock Exchange, Culture, Sex, Cambridge, Academic Careers, etc. Cover by David Langdon, foreword Gilbert Harding. Copies again available from Granta Publications, Ltd., 19a Cavendish Sq., W.1. (5s. 6d. post free).

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FORUM: Journal for fellowship through religion. Current issue contains article Radhakrishnan, Man & his Message, by Rev. S. Spencer. They had the Answers, by Esme Wynne-Tyson. Omar's Philosophy of Life, by R. J. Jackson. 5s. per annum from World Congress of Faiths, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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# An extraordinary suggestion

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*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*

**A :** F. Rattmann 1948

**B :** Henri Rinck 1921

**C :** M. Liburkin 1949

In this week's competition **A**, the usual four-pointer, should be as instructive for beginners as it is meant to be. It is a game position in which White, by one spectacular move, enforced the modest gain of a P. quite sufficient in the circumstances to maintain a clearly winning advantage. What was the powerful move? No less instructive for the practical endgame student is **B**—White to win. It should be amply rated with 6 ladder-points, and the more erudite competitors (just in case they do not know their Rinck anyway) should solve it at a glance, if I add that the piece is largely inspired by a very famous study by Saavedra. As for **C**,—White to draw—this is an extremely subtle piece well worth 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by October 6. *Last week's entries, of course, should be in by Sept. 29 (not Oct. 6, as erroneously printed).*

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 6

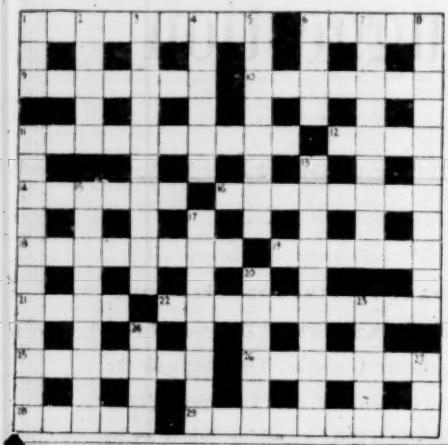
A: (1) Kt-B7, K x Kt, (2) Q x P ch !, K-Kt3, (3) P-KKt4 B-K5, (4) Kt-R4 mate.
If (2) . . . K x Q, (3) Kt-Kt5 mate.
If (1) . . B x Kt, (2) Q x P, etc.

B: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-K1, (2) R-K7 ch, K-Q1, (3) B-R6 !, P queens, (4) B x P, Q-Kt6, (5) P-QB4, Q-Kt5, (6) P-B5, Q-Kt4, (7) P-B4, Q-R4, (8) P-B6, etc.
If (4) . . Q-KKt8, (5) B-B6, Q-KKt3, (6) B-R4, etc.

C: (1) Kt-B7, K-Kt1, (2) Q-B6 !, Kt-B4 ch, (3) K-Q7, B-R5, (4) K-Q8 !, Q-Q7 ch, (5) Kt-Q5 !, Q-Kt4 ch, (6) Kt-B6 ! etc.
(2) Kt-K6 ? is refuted by (2) . . . Kt-B4 ch, (3) K-K5, Q-B6 ch, etc.

In spite of the considerable subtleties of (particularly) **C** I got nearly a score of perfectly correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, A. E. Harris, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 15



### ACROSS

1. A hundred for Yorkshire for instance (9).
6. A corner in the Teutonic heart (5).
9. The ammunition is missing from a weapon which fires shell contents (7).
10. Not on the movies, by the sound of it (7).
11. Do they tell one that the insects are performing well? (10).
12. Cloister (4).
14. Entertain in the style of a monarch at the head of the orient (6).
16. The coy communist lost little by raising an objection (8).
18. Some day a penny may be given for a book (8).
19. He is not the owner but sees changes after the start of legal proceedings (6).
21. Pure creature (4).
22. Able to hold liquor—or drunk on very weak stuff? (10).
25. To follow the pattern I finish the game although it causes an interruption (7).
26. A monster has nothing in him to discipline (7).
28. Noiseless singer (5).
29. In epic I meet something indicating progress (9).

### DOWN

1. Sign of the past observed in retrospect (3).
2. Convincing evidence, but it needs correcting (5).
3. A manual stir might produce this mixture (10).
4. Elemental mortal with wings (6).
5. Communications disturb its sleep (8).
6. It is serious if it appears below the ear (4).
7. Hills of resignation (9).
8. Ham's two varieties (4, 3, 4).
11. Italian nationalist in the end pulls out (11).
13. What Davies was (5, 5).
15. Budding (9).
17. Later a M.P. turns impudent (8).
20. If you change the old woman's money, you can turn her into a madhouse (6).
23. Valuable layer (5).
24. Loud tune for the just (4).
27. Penniless want (3).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 14*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | C | O | R | R | E | S | P | O | N | D | E | N | T | ■ |
| A | ■ | D | I | ■ | O | ■ | C | ■ | O | ■ | A | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| B | E | D | E | V | I | L | ■ | E | R | O | S | I | O | N |
| U | ■ | F | ■ | E | ■ | V | ■ | L | ■ | R | ■ | L | ■ | A |
| S | N | E | E | R | W | E | L | L | ■ | N | O | S | E | D |
| E | ■ | L | ■ | N | ■ | U | ■ | A | ■ | I | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| D | E | L | I | G | H | T | ■ | S | L | I | P | P | E | R |
| ■ | ■ | O | ■ | R | ■ | ■ | ■ | L | ■ | R | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| N | E | W | G | A | T | E | ■ | S | A | S | S | O | O | N |
| O | ■ | ■ | M | ■ | ■ | C | ■ | ■ | M | ■ | O | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| T | U | L | I | P | ■ | B | L | U | E | B | O | O | K | S |
| U | E | I | ■ | A | T | ■ | A | T | ■ | A | T | ■ | I | ■ |
| S | A | M | P | A | N | S | ■ | T | A | M | P | I | O | N |
| ■ | U | ■ | N | ■ | S | L | ■ | B | ■ | O | ■ | G | ■ | ■ |
| P | R | E | S | B | Y | T | E | R | I | A | N | S | ■ | ■ |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### ACCOMMODATION—continued

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SELSEY, Sussex. Tiny white weather-boarded cottage on edge of sea, available now till March. Exposed position, but warm & comfortably furnished. Living-room sun-porch, 3 bedrms., kit., bathrm. Gas., elec. 2 gns. wkly. for whole period. Verney, Runwick House, Farnham, Surrey. Tel.: 6323.

FOREIGN Service Officer, wife and two children, wishes rent furnished London flat (two bedrooms) for six weeks from end October. Eight guineas maximum. Careful reliable tenants. Box 3709.

WANTED, London, semi/unfurn. flatlet/room use bath, kit. Reas. Box 3708.

PROF. man (bachelor) requires unfurn. or furn. flat, North West London prefd. Bank refs. Box 3650.

TWO business women seek unfurn. flat, pref. s/c. 3 rooms, kit., bath. Mod. rent; central. N./N.W. districts. Box 3676.

STUDENT, male, needs accommodation. Moderate rent, willing do baby-sitting or help school lessons. Box 3795.

YOUNG couple seek unfurn. S.C. garden flat, S.W. London, reasonable rent. Please could anyone help. Box 3832.

OXFORD. Student (m., 30) reqs. furn. room/attic with cooking facils. Prepared to baby sit, caretake, garden, etc. Box 3753.

### ACCOMMODATION—continued

PACIFIST couple engaged in peace work urgently seek inexpensive accommodation, two or three rooms, London area. Careful tenants; one small, quiet infant. Box 3740.

FURNISHED s/c. flatlet with bath. kit. required for student couple. Within easy reach King's College Hospital. Reasonable rent. Kirby, 5 Raphael Ave., Romford, Essex.

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ANGLO-Swiss morning nursery school, Kensington, near Bayswater. Children 2-5. Monthly terms. Car service. Enquiries before 9 a.m. PRI. 8883, or write Box 3813.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of full-time Professor of Medicine within the Faculty of Medicine; salary £A3,000 per annum plus cost of living allowance which is at present £A214 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from The Secretary, Association of the Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is November 30, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS in Pakistan. Applications are invited for the undermentioned posts in two residential "Public Service Schools" in the Punjab. The main purpose of the Schools is to give a sound general education and training on Public School lines, with a slightly technical bias, to Pakistani boys from the age of 11 to 16 or 18 who will later either become the officers and technicians of the Royal Pakistan Air Force or will go into other Pakistan Services. The intention is to open one of the Schools on January 1 and the other on May 1, 1953. (a) A Principal, to be responsible for both Schools and to be Headmaster of the Pre-Officer-Cadet School—250 boys. (b) A Headmaster of the Pre-Apprentice School—450 boys. (c) Deputy Headmasters. (d) House Masters. (e) A Bursar. (f) Assistant Masters (English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography, Physical Education and Art). (g) General Medical Practitioner. (h) Matron/Dispenser (S.R.N.). The Pakistan Government has entrusted Air Service Training, of Hamble, with the establishment and the operation of these Schools; the staff of the Schools will thus be employees of this Company (a member of the Hawker Siddeley Group). Functional and administrative control will be exercised by the Governing Body, who have delegated to the Company such powers as are necessary for operating the Schools. Details of these appointments may be obtained from the Commandant, Air Service Training, Ltd., Hamble, Hampshire.

B.B.C. requires Music Talks Producer for Sound Broadcasting. Duties consist in promoting and producing talks (some with musical illustrations), chiefly in Third Programme, on music and allied subjects. Essential qualifications include wide knowledge and sound judgment of musical standards and taste, acquaintance with history of music, understanding of trends and personalities in the world of music today, organising ability, imagination and ability in the use of words. Professional training in music, although not essential, may be a deciding factor. Salary £1,000 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 marked "M.T.P., N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

H.M. Prison and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors (Men). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least seven pensionable posts of Assistant Governor Class II. Candidates must be at least 21 on January 1, 1952, and must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work with adolescents or adults. Salary (London) £440 rising to £710, rather less outside London. In addition free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Starting salary (London) £440 at age 25 (or under) then according to age up to £557 at 30 (or over). Application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, quoting Number 166/52. To be returned by October 16, 1952.

APPOINTMENT of Head Teacher. A vacancy will shortly arise for the post of Head Teacher of the Residential Open Air School for Delicate Children at the Anthony & Annie Mazar Kerr Home, Broadstairs, Kent. The School is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 90 Jewish children. Burnham Scale and two increments for Special School. Resident or non-resident. Applications, with full particulars, should be made in writing to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

VACANCIES exist for Assistant Secretaries with Y.M.C.A.s in England. These posts offer an opportunity of full-time service with a world-wide Movement. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to 8/9 Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

SOCIAL Worker. Mainly for the organisation of clubs and other services for old people. Commencing salary about £400 p.a. Closing date October 13. Details (written requests only) from the Secretary, Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service, 16 Queen St., Manchester, 2.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Council. A House Mother is needed at St. Christopher's Reception Home at Rustington, near Littlehampton, which accommodates 20 children in the age range 3-15. Applicants should have a real interest in the needs of children separated from their homes and particularly in the purpose of a Reception Home, i.e., the welfare and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long term plan of care is necessary. Preference will be given to applicants holding Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary £293 16s. per annum from which £75 12s. is deducted for board and lodging. Regret no accommodation for staff children. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

CLUB Leader (male) required to run mixed Youth Club. Limited accommodation available. Apply stating experience and salary required, and giving references to: The Warden, Caxton House Settlement, 112 Fonthill Road, London, N.4.

WELL-qualified and experienced Company Secretary Accountant wanted by leading manufacturers of Synthetic Resins for Paints and Plastics. Generous salary for man of live personality prepared to accept challenge of a position of leadership and influence in a well-established Co-ownership Organisation. Applicants should write in confidence, giving full particulars to The Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

PROMINENT women's organisation with international interests wants senior assistant to work in London office. Secretarial qualifications and experience essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply giving full particulars and copy testimonials to Box 3698.

EDITOR requires perfect secretary.—Box 3742.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires shorthand-typist-secretary. Trade Union interest an asset. C. & A.W.U. scale to £7 15s. Apply in writing to General Secretary, B.A.E.A., 56 Kingsway, W.C.2.

COMPETENT senior shorthand typist required for well-established Co-ownership business situated in pleasant country district adjacent to county town. Good salary and recommended accommodation. Position of interest and responsibility for woman with socially progressive outlook. Box 3784.

EDUCATED women, efficient Shorthand-Typists, wanted for a variety of good posts, permanent and temporary. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1. WHI. 0606. No charge to staff.

ENGLISH/German, shorthand-typist required by Cary firm. Hours 9.30-5.30. Pension Scheme. Box 3829.

NATIONAL Voluntary Society, London, N.W.1, requires Assistant Membership Dept., mainly clerical, but able type own letters and work on own initiative. Part-time might be considered. Box 3767.

CAREERS in clerical, sales or distribution are offered by multiple organisation to well educated young ladies and gentlemen (15-17). Prepared to undergo training period of 3 years. Applicant should write fully: department pref., details education, business exp., etc., to Sec., 117 Middlesex St., E.1.

COOK-housekeeper and Nanny required Muswell Hill. 2 adults, boy 3, baby expected November. Box 3679.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NEWLY qualified Solicitor seeks post, London, pref. small firm in general practice. Box 3739.

B.A. Hons. (26, male) ex-Intelligence, fluent German, French, used to public speaking, able to drive, seeks post, preferably London. Anything considered. Box 3687.

EDUCATED & expd. lady offers part-time services: clerical, literary research, MSS carefully & intelligently typed, indexing, cataloguing, etc. Excel. refs. Box 3702.

GRADUATE lady pianist, 21, seeks post family help W. London where can continue piano practice. End of Sept. Box 3781.

EXPD. Sec. S/T., free odd half-days, evenings, week-ends. CUN. 0015.

## PERSONAL

INTELLIGENT woman social science graduate wants interesting morning work, can type, has car. Box 3544.

YNG. cple. sk. any interesting occupn. Oct. 20-25; remuneration secondary consideration. Eldridge, 68 Midhurst Rd., W.13.

SMALL Island farm. North-West. Two (one male) invite another experienced (married or single) to join. Box 3695.

TEACHER, woman, 36, sks. contact another prof./business to find & share furn. flat, live separately. N. Surrey. Box 3710.

YNG. woman sks. companion (f.) African tour. Economical, roughing it. Box 3665.

GERMAN (27) eager to learn English, intelligent, versatile, fond children, sks. position in town or country home. Lieselotte Schwarz, Frankfurt A.M.1., P.O.B. 144.

PIANIST modern Continental method, German teacher's diploma, takes pupils all stages. Messages HOP 1631 or write Box 3743.

## PERSONAL—continued

AMATEUR actors urgently reqd. Unity Theatre's coming productions. EUS. 5391.

ROMANY Caravan, really exceptional, completely roadworthy; suitable perm. home; view nr. Rickmansworth; £250. Box 3748.

SUMMER school accomm. reqd. for 100 students next August. Box 3716.

EX-COMMANDO officer, after the war unable to pursue his legal studies owing to domestic commitments, sks. financial assistance until qual. No moneylenders. Box 3692.

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths.' stay, pocket money, to well-educ. yng. ladies—willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 3588.

TO let: August, 1953, for conferences, etc., girls' boarding school on Sussex Coast. Accommodation for up to 120 in dormitories and single and double rooms; good public rooms and grounds. Domestic Staff, including excellent Chef, available. Box 3152.

NICE easy reach. To let in picturesque Mountain village furnished cottage, sleep 2 to 4. Modern comforts. £3 per week. Reduction long let. Henry Alter, Tourrettes-sur-Loup, A.M., France.

BOOKSHOP needed in your town? Yes? Then name town for opener. Box 3678.

LANGUAGES made easy with films. Classes 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THE Oxford Centre for Psychotherapy can now offer full treatment facilities in London. For details write to: Secretary, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., W.1.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3676).

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free No. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

I AM buying a wide variety of jewellery; if you have anything interesting to dispose of write Harold Karton, Hatton Garden Safe Deposit, E.C.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5744. Personal loans from £30.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing.—Details M.A., Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in Chemistry, Physics, Maths., Zoology and Biology to all levels by exp. grad. tutors. 'Phone PRI. 3174.

LEARN to paint in professional artists' Fitzroy St., W.1, studio. Expert tuition in stimulating friendly atmosphere. Moderate terms, including tuition, demonstrations of painting, criticism, good coffee and biscuits during breaks, interesting portrait and nude models. Box 3719.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PHOTOGRAPHY, for Press, Publicity, Commerce and Industry. Specialists in the use of colour. Basil Cox, GER. 3357.

TUITION in Pure & Applied Maths. to A. & S. levels. Nr. Baker St. Box 3794.

SPANISH Stud. gives Spanish lessons. French/German/English trans. Box 3802.

GENTLEMAN, native of Tuscany, gives private Italian lessons to beginners and advanced students. Box 3800.

FRENCH taught conversationally by experienced Parisian; small classes from 2s. per hour. Bernot, SLO. 3851.

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov, FLA. 4354.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3778.

ITALIAN, Russian tuition by University graduates. Children coached in all subjects. Box 3542.

## PERSONAL—continued

OCTOBER Holidays? Come and spend an interesting week-end with small party staying at an exceptionally attractive hotel. October 3 or 17; also party to Lake Garda (October 4) and Southern Italy on October 11. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

WINTER Holidays 1952/53: Our Winter Booklet including Winter Sports, Southern Sunshine Holidays, Christmas and Week-end arrangements, Social Events, is available now. Write, 'phone or call for free copy. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland. Small escorted party Xmas & New Year, 15 days, 42gns. (Air 52gns.). Other departures. Always Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

THE Dalmatian Coast for late holidays. Glorious sunshine, reduced hotel rates. For details consult Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

**1953** Winter Sports programme now ready. Write for copy to Ramblers, 48A Park Rd., N.W.1.

YUGOSLAVIA for Autumn Sunshine. Special seasonal reductions: 33⅓% hotel accommodation, 50% Rail and Steamer, for luxurious late holidays on Dalmatian Coast. Ask your travel agent about new cheap rates, or write to: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London, W.1.

YOUR Autumn or Winter holiday can be spent happily at a friendly Holiday Fellowship Guest House. There are over 30 in Great Britain—you won't have to travel far. Comfortable accommodation, good food and reasonable charge. Write for free booklet to The Holiday Fellowship, Room 19, 142 Great North Way, London, N.W.4.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

HUNGARIAN Dances! New group meets every Thursday, 6.30-7.30. Good exercise, good fun, good company—come and join us. BHFS, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for literary and topical discussion one evening a week in private house, Wimbledon. For details telephone WIM. 0568.

DRAW and Paint what you like in 6 weeks! New, guaranteed method; personal tuition. Details—M.A. Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

SPANISH lessons, translations. J. L. Castillo, M.A. (Cantab.), 43 Castleton Mansions, Riverview Gardens, S.W.13. RIV. 2338.

FRENCH lessons by French licensée. Moderate charges. TID. 2707.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Cases for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Enquiries: Welbeck 9600.

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P.S.—"There'll be snow on them there hills" and for 28½ guineas you may schuss, stem and christie on it in Switzerland, Austria and the Savoy. 16-day periods, with ski hire and instruction included. Special parties for students and near-students; departures December 6, 18, 20, 27—also Easter.

P.P.S. Many bookings already from old friends but still some room for new ones if you write soon to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or ring HARrow 1040.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ADVERTISER wishes to dispose of rent restricted cottage, Norfolk-Suffolk borders. Suitable couple only. Rent paid till July, 1953; thereafter 2s. 6d. per week. Will vacate for cost of recent repairs and decorations, (apx. £100.) Cheston, Tivetshall, Norwich.

LEASE 17 year. Corner-shop café, 5 rooms. Good scope, goodwill, fittings, furniture. Low rent. £950. Apply 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. Metro. Latimer Rd. Lad. 3104.

IN Suffolk. Windmill Fell, sturdy house stands 6 rooms. Elec. Water. Tel. Num. outbldgs., garden, meadow. 2½ acres. Freehold. Rates £8 10s. Price £2,500 nr. offer. VIC. 5553. Box 3806.

CHARMING small freehold maisonette for sale. Highgate village. 4 rooms, quiet garden. No garage space. £2,950 cash. Box 3566.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Sonia Dresdel in "Two Loves I Have." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Lst. Wk. "Mild & Bitter." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. (2s. 6d. p.a.). "Christmas Bridge," Oct. 3.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun 6. "Grand Guignol." "Three horror pieces, good acting."—Ds. Herald. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.). 10.30. Sun. 9. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. yearly.

LONDON Artists T.P. "Everyman" at Toynbee Hall Theatre (Commercial St., Aldgate). BIS. 8555. 7.45 p.m. Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

NEW Torch Theatre Club, 50 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. "Le Cabaret du Bon Vin," with E. & L. Berk, Cy Grant, Pamela Manson. Fr. Oct. 1. Wed.-Sat. 9.30. Sun. 8.30. Mems. 5s. p.a. B.O. 3-10. SLO. 4424.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 5. Picasso, Gide, Sartre, Le Corbusier, etc., in "La Vie Commence Demain" (X). "De Renoir à Picasso" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Sept. 28, 7.30. "Trois Telegrammes" (U) (French).

NEW Era Film Soc. presents "Victory of the Chinese People" (in colour) and "Kameradschaft" (Classic of French/German solidarity in mining disaster). Sat., Oct. 4, 7.30 at Holborn Hall. 2s. advance, 2s. 6d. on day. Members and their guests only. 3A.E. 40 Berwick St., W.1.

SOVIET Films: "Springtime in Saken," "Moscow Zoo," "Yellow Stork." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7 p.m., Sat., Sept. 27. Tkts. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. "Cavalier of the Gold Star," "Moscow Constructions." Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. 7.30, Mon., Sept. 29. Tkts., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d. Educ. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161). 10 per cent. disc. on bookings of 10 plus.

ILFORD New Era Film Society. Sun., 7.30. Ilford Town Hall, Rossellini's "The Miracle," with Magnani. "Children on Trial"; "Moscow Constructions." Mems. 5s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League invites you to 20 Pant St., S.W.1 on Tuesday, September 30, at 7.30 p.m., for evening of Czechoslovak Folk Music on gramophone records introduced by John Vyse. Chairman: Frank Loeffler.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League. Dance Sept. 27 cancelled.

SUN. Sept. 28, at 8. Int. Yth. Centre Social. 13 Chelsea Embankment (W. African Students Union), facing Fest. Gdns. 2s.

## EXHIBITIONS

PARIS—La Galerie Craven, 5 Rue des Beaux Arts. Gouaches by Albert Pléty; Sculpture by Fenosa; Ganymed Reproductions. Sept. 26-Oct. 10.

GANYMED Small Print, Salvador Dali's "Christ of St. John of the Cross," 14in. ×7¼in., 7s. 6d. plus tax 3s. 7d. At 11 Great Turnstile W.C.1 & all good printshops.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté—"Choix des plus Belles Fleurs"—140 original colour engravings. New Gallery—Selection of Modern French Masters. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

POTTERY and Textiles by Artist Craftsmen in Great Britain, 1950-52. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till October 8. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

DEGAS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Oct. 18. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

HAND-MADE and Hand-decorated Toys and Gay Embroidery Pictures by Yootha Rose, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend; Cyclist drawings by Peter Stuyvesant.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Vilmo Gibello. Paintings by Nano Reid. Until October 4.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Looking Forward": An exhibition of realist pictures by contemporary British artists. Daily 11-6. Suns. 2-6. Closed Mondays.

OLD Masters under 25gns., on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Sculpture by Alexander Jaray. Until October 3.

KOKOSCHKA. Exhibition Drawings and Graphic Art. I.C.A. Gallery, 1 Dover Street, W.1. Daily 10-6. Sunday 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Sandra Blow, Alan Davie, Redvers Taylor.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Pottery by Bernard Leach, Shoji Hamada.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

EXHIBITION of Pictures by Finsbury Artists. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Sept. 23-Oct. 4. Daily 11-7 (exc. Suns.). Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

"THE Crown & Anchor" and other traditional signs used in the resist-dyed Panels & Curtains designed by Michael O'Connell. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

CRAFTWORK from East Anglia, including hand-made baskets, rugs, pottery, weaving, lace, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GANDHI Birthday Anniversary Celebration: Thursday, October 2, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, at 8 p.m. Chair: Mrs. J. K. Handoo. Speakers: Lord Pethick-Lawrence, A. Prakash, Krishna Menon. The High Commissioner for India will attend. Indian songs and music. Film: Scenes from Gandhi's life. Admission free. The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

PUBLIC Meeting, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Underground, Victoria Street buses), Thursday, October 2, at 7 p.m. Object: To protest against the regulations making vaccination and inoculation compulsory for travellers abroad. Chair: B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Speakers: M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Miss Lily Lost. Admission free.

SOUTH Africa—Day of Protest, Tues., Sept. 30. All individuals and organisations concerned with defence of civil liberties are urged to protest by deputation, personal visit or telegram to High Commissioner, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, Tuesday next, at wholesale violation human rights in South Africa. Details from Nat. Council Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

18 (Eighteen Plus) is a friendly informal discussion circle for 18-30 age group. Central London Group meet Fridays, 8 p.m., at Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Northwood Group meet Thursdays, 8 p.m., 36 Murray Rd., Northwood. Other groups in provinces. Activities include debates, guest speakers, week-end rambles, theatre visits, etc. Come along if interested, or send a card for details to Dr. A. Richards, 42 Belmont Road, Uxbridge, Middx.

SAMSON Morris on "The West Indies," Thursday, October 2, 8 p.m., at King Alfred School, North End Road (Bus 210 from Golders Green Tube Station); N.W. London Fabian Society. All welcome.

MANCHESTER B.C.F.A. Hear Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P., just returned from China. 7.30 p.m., Friday, October 3. Houldsworth Hall, Deansgate.

YOUNGER Discussion Group (Hamp. Ethical Soc.). Open Forum: The World Tomorrow. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Mon., Sept. 29, 8 p.m.

ELSE Mayer-Lismann will give a Lecture with Gramophone Records on October 2 at 8 p.m. at the Studio, 44 Tite Street, London, S.W.3. Subject: "Rosencavalier" by Richard Strauss, in aid of Chelsea Liberal Fighting Fund. All welcome.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Wed., Oct. 1. Prof. S. Goitein, of the Hebrew University, on "The Origins of Islam in its Jewish Environment." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. Visitors will not be admitted after 8.15 p.m.

MORECAMBE. Victory for Socialism mtg. Spkrs.: Fenner Brockway, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Desmond Donnelly, M.P., Memorial Hall, Church Walk, Morecambe. Sat., Sept. 27, 7.45. Chair: W. C. Illiott, C.C.

35TH Anniversary of the Soviet Union Celebration, Saturday, November 8, 6.30 p.m. Empress Hall, Earls Court. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (CLE. 4161.)

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 4 at 6 p.m., Mr. H. Glauserfield: "Wer kommt mit auf eine Führung durch den Süden?"

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 28, S. K. Ratcliffe. "Conscience and the State." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Junior Discussion Group 7.15 p.m. Friday, Sept. 26. E. L. du Cann, B.A., "The Challenge of the Times."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society discussion meeting on "The Press" led by Harvey Cole, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7.30 p.m. St. Annes House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. 2s.

DR. S. M. Manton, F.R.S., famous woman scientist. Lantern slides and lecture on her visit to Soviet Union. Mon., Sept. 29, 8 p.m., Parliament Hill Girls' School, Highgate Rd., N.W.5. Trolleybuses 615 or 513. 6d.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SATURDAY Night Special: Hungary builds for peace. Trade Unionists report on delegation visit to Hungary. T. Shields, B.E.M. (Pres. Dean & Chapter Miners' Lodge, C. Durham), S. E. Dale (N.U.R., elected by Works Comm. Employees' Side) Rly Executive, Crewe). Dr. Bruce Cardew (Sec. Medical Practitioners' Union). Fred Moore (A.U.B.T.W.), R. F. Bagley (Nat. Org., Fire Brigades Union), and others. Saturday, October 11, at 7 p.m. Beaver Hall, Mansion House, London. Adm. 6d.

LONDON Society of Jews & Christians. Public meeting Tuesday, October 7, 8 p.m., at The Fellowship Hall, St. Martin's in the Fields, W.C.2. "Religion as a Civilising Force in History." (1) Biblical Origins—Speakers Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck and Professor T. H. Robinson. Chairman, Rabbi Dr. I. I. Mattuck. All are welcome.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Peckham Experiment," by Dr. Scott Williamson (Founder of The Peckham Experiment), Thurs., Oct. 2, 8 p.m. At All Nations Social Club, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10. (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Oct. 2, 7.30 p.m., "Karma & Reincarnation." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome Sept. 28: "Theosophy's Teaching on Self-Education."

"THE Calendar: Past, Present and Future." A Lecture by Sir H. Spencer Jones, Astronomer Royal, at the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2, on October 17, at 7.30 p.m. Admission (free) by ticket only from the Organiser: Dr. L. E. C. Hughes, World Calendar Assoc. (British Section), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

MANKIND on the March. Aspects of Co-operation Overseas. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way. October 1, 7.30 p.m. Mr. F. W. Skinnard, "Problems of the Underdeveloped Areas." Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 1, 6.30. Public Lecture: "Character and Mind? Soul? What is Eternal?" Mr. R. Fussell.

MEMORIAL meeting to John Dewey will be held 7.30 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 7, at Conway Hall. Joseph Reeves, M.P., in the chair. Speakers: Prof. Brand Blanshard (Yale), Prof. A. E. Heath, S. K. Ratcliffe and Dr. Elsa Walters (Froebel Institute).

PUBLIC Debate: "That the Policy of Pacifism is the Only Practical Alternative to the Policy of War." Proposer: Peace Pledge Union (Gerald Pumphrey). Opposer: Socialist Party of Great Britain (Harry Young). 7.30, Oct. 2. Hammersmith Town Hall, King St., Hammersmith.

POETS' Corner. Winter Meetings 1952-3 at the "Princes Head" close to the Central Hall, S.W.1, every Sunday from 7-9.45 p.m. from Oct. 5. At the "Marlborough Head," N. Audley St., W. Present fixtures Weds., Oct. 8, 15, 22, 7-10 p.m. No charge. Collection. Volunteer recited.

THE Friday Club meets weekly at 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m., from Friday, October 3 (when the Club President, Charles Kennedy Scott, will speak on "The B Minor Mass," with illustrations). Debates, talks, social evenings. 7s. 6d. per half session. Apply Sec., Majorie Kew, 50 Westbourne Gdns., W.2, or at any meeting.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Jacob Epstein—An Appreciation". Illustrated lecture by Archibald Ziegler. Wed., Oct. 1, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"TOPICS of the Time." 8 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 7 at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Speakers: Lt.-Gen. Sir Ian Jacob, Paul Bloomfield, the Hon. Harold Nicholson, R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., Christopher Hollis, M.P., Claud Mullins, The Rt. Hon. Douglas Jay, M.P., The Dean of St. Paul's. (Topics: Defence of the West, Population, Anglo-American Co-operation, Future of Socialism, Education, Crime and Punishment, Cost of Living, Can Civilisation Survive without Religion?) Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Secretary (Waterloo 6872).

"SINCE Freud." Progressive League Week-end Conference, Oct. 24-26, at Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. Speakers include Dr. William Gillespie, Dr. A. R. Redfern, A. Barakan. Fees: Members £2 10s. Non-Members £2 12s. 6d. Full programme ready shortly. Apply Conference Organiser, 43 West Park, S.E.9. (Tel.: ELT. 1761.)

EXPERIMENTAL Painting and Modelling week-ends at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Oct. 3-6, Oct. 24-27, Nov. 14-17. Checkendon 221.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Week-end Life Painting Classes, Sats. and Suns., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Engs.: R. Benesh, MOU. 9182.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HANOVER School, 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. Lectures on French Literature in French every Wed. 8.15 beginning Oct. 1. GRO. 7347.

UNIV. of London Extension Lectures—Economics of Distribution, commencing Monday, Sept. 29—Diploma Course (Economics), commencing Thurs., Oct. 2. Club House, Courtauld Hse., Byng Pl. W.C.1. Dirs.: Sec., L.J.E.C., 202 Well Hall Rd., S.E.9.

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